

The LINK



January, 1949

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

BY MAYO CORNELL



THIS is an open letter to the newcomers in the army. Being new at any job, or in any niche is no picnic. Being new in the army, with all that implies of military routine, discipline, adjustment and homesickness, is trebly difficult.

Doubtless, in your quieter moments, the immediate future looks pretty grim and dreary to you. If you volunteered, you bemoan your impulse; if you were drafted, you nurse your deep personal grievance. Yet on my soul, you will find compensations! Scores of 'em! You don't think so? Well, bear with me a moment with an unprejudiced mind and (except for specially isolated cases), you will agree that I am right. You will agree, too, that benefits accrue on every side, from the big basic one of bodily fitness and coordination, to the countless opportunities for educational and psychological advancement. For one of the most superior and gratifying educations possible is to see new places, and one of the most satisfying experiences for one's ego is to enlarge one's sympathies, as well as one's sense of personal power, by carving friends out of strangers.

There will come a day, of course, when your service will be over and you'll again don civvies. On that day you will doubtless shout with relief, strut exaggeratedly about, and vow that if you never see khaki or navy blue again, it'll be too soon! The knowledge that no longer will the ship's bell or the brass bugle rule your life will make you feel like a bird in the "wild, blue yonder"! And the reason behind that joyous feeling of relief will be the realization of a subconscious objective: to be *free* again.

But there'll come a day (oh, it'll come all right!) when your pride will mount like a flame, and you'll sneak up to the garret to view the old uniform with a full heart. For that uniform represents and will always represent far more than the stripes and bars indicate. It represents for all time, Great Companionship; that subtle interlarding of interests, interlacing of a mutually protective spirit, a marching comradeship which no mere civilian can ever wholly comprehend. And as you continue to gaze at the familiar uniform, the true meaning of having been an infinitesimal cog in a great human endeavor will come clear for you, and your shoulders will straighten a little, and your head and heart will lift!

Oh, you didn't look at it that dour day when the army "got" you! *Even today you fail to see it.* But when you become a real initiate, and when your perspective enlarges, and when more time has been allowed to pass, this experience you are facing today will mean more to you than you can now even faintly imagine. Take advantage of it! Try to feel it profoundly within you even though a semblance of peace, rather than war, is abroad in the land, and day-to-day military demands and adjustments make a tolerant perspective desperately hard to achieve.

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As you might imagine when you read *The Greatest Power*, page 3, by **Rose H. Anderson**, the writer is of Swedish descent. A bookkeeper by profession with a favorite hobby of fishing, she has found time to write works which have appeared in *Charm*, *Sunshine Magazine*, *Better Living*, *Mind Digest*, *Daily Meditation*, and half a dozen others.

..

Stanley J. Meyer (*Scared to Death o' Guns*, page 17) is a lieutenant in the Hamilton, Ohio, Fire Department and is married to an understanding wife "who doesn't get too angry when I bury myself at my typewriter instead of taking her to a movie." Though he started writing for pay only three years ago, when he sold his first attempt to *Coronet*, he has since had works published in *Popular Mechanics*, *Reader's Scope*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Shadow*, *Story Digest*, *American Legion Magazine*, *Swing*, *Pageant*, *Allsports*, *Boy's Life*, *Foreign Service*, *Our Army*, *Holiday*, *Rig and Reel*, and more. He'd like to settle down to some "serious writing" when he retires from his job in 16 years, but just in case this doesn't materialize, he's studying architecture.

..

Ruth Appleby (*A Man's Wife*, page 21) reports she is thrilled with her first story sale, but had come to believe that ten years of hard work and a stubborn streak "inherited from English forebears" were bound to hit "pay-dirt."

She works in the advertising business during the day and at night she writes, does research at the Library of Congress in Washington, and looks after her four-year-old.

"Now that I've blasted my way past the literary portals," she writes, "I'm planning to take some good long strides into the Authors' Hall of Fame. I have the greatest inspiration in the world: a little girl who needs a home and security . . . who has no patience with the practical side of life . . . who coaxes her mommie to stay home from the office and play with her!" With an inspiration like that, we just know you'll make it, Mrs. Appleby!

..

Samuel Engle Burr, Jr. (*The Armed Forces Education Program*, page 33) holds the Ph.D. degree and is a lieutenant colonel in the AG Reserve. In 1942 he was stationed at Camp Roberts, California, as a Military Psychologist and later went on four overseas missions, as Education Officer, to Ascension Island and Brazil, to India and China, to Europe and the Middle East, and to the Philippines and Japan. On Christmas Eve of 1944 he was wounded in a Japanese air raid on Kunming, China, and was awarded the Purple Heart and the Army Commendation Ribbon. Dr. Burr is now chairman of the department of education at American University in Washington, D. C., and director of the Summer Session there.

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The work of **Loraine Lashley** (*The Hour*, back cover) has appeared in that same position on THE LINK before (*From Occupational Zones*, May, 1948). Her poems have been used by *Judge* and by eight radio programs.

CENTURIES aged, the Pine deep in the valley lifted adoring branches to the Lord of Creation.

Lisa Thor paused as she had since she was a child, and softly confided, "The Enemy has come, brother Pine! Their cannon stand like ugly beasts in our town square. They have not searched our house yet. I have no fear as long as they leave our old doctor free. Would they dare harm him?"

Down from the north came a sudden blast of icy storm-driven wind. It swept through the valley, bending the aged Pine in its fury. Lisa pulled the cape closer about her as she fought her way out of the valley. Her sharp cry of frantic alarm was gathered up in the storm as she stumbled over an inert bundle. Stooping, she touched the object and found it warm beneath the folds. She felt the heart beating faintly, so she deftly gathered the bundle in her strong arms. It was heavy, much like the weight of a slaughtered lamb being carried to the meat shed.

Her mother's calm face grew tired and somewhat afraid as she beheld Lisa's bundle. "What is it this time, my child? Not another sick dog?"

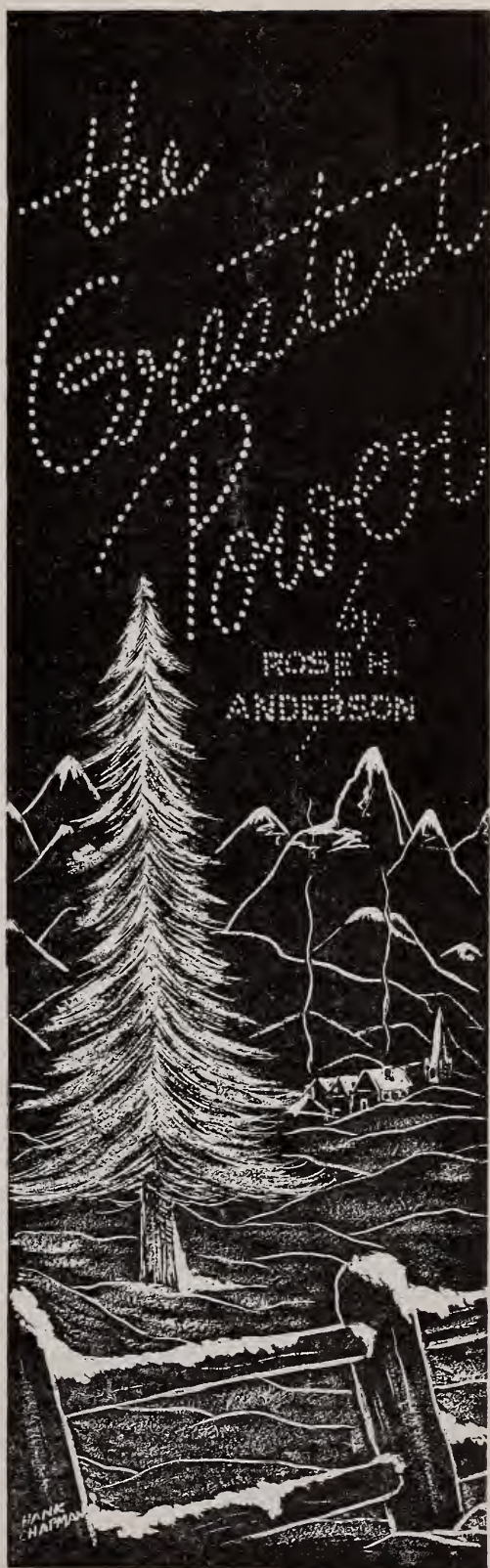
"I do not know." Lisa gently uncovered the young waxen face. The head rolled a little as if it did not belong to the body. "Mother, a stranger lad—"

Compassionately her mother spoke: "Whoever he is, he is near death's door. We must tend to him at once."

As they labored Lisa stared once at her mother, and then gasped: "His back must be broken, and he's only a lad."

"I did not want to call the old one from his sleep, but you must go for him, Lisa. Dr. Hellquist must come, else this lad will surely die! Fear not the Enemy this night, they hug the warmth of their stoves—"

The minutes were not long before



Lisa returned with the old one, but long enough for one of the devil's own to have violated the peace of the house. Lisa's cry at the sight of his shivering horse became mingled with the sound of the lash as it struck flesh. As she threw her young body against the door it burst open to an unbelievable sight. One of the Enemy in his splendid uniform was making the lash hum and sing as it struck the defenseless woman now lying on the floor. His breath was coming in hideous gasps as he cursed. Old Dr. Hellquist grasped the lash on one of its downward sweeps, and thrust it behind him.

The Enemy glared at him in wild unbelief; then he uttered a short bitter laugh as he declared: "No man can do that to me and live!" Then as if to justify himself, he pointed to the table: "Look what she has done to my son!"

At the loud, angry voice the boy tried to move as he weakly called: "Father!" The Enemy, dazed, as if hearing the dead speak, looked down upon the broken body: "Siegford, my son!"

He bent low to hear the tiny voice: "Blame not the woman—I fell from the cliff—so dark in the valley—." And then the dark of another valley closed in upon the youth in a strange land.

Lisa helped her mother to the couch and cradled her head on her young arms as she sobbed. Her mother whispered, "Lisa, child, mind not me—I am not hurt badly. The young one needs your care."

The Enemy glared at Lisa as she came with her basin. "Do not touch my son! Our doctors will attend to him." So saying, he stooped to take the young body in his arms.

The old one, Dr. Hellquist, spoke: "Do not move him!"

The mother from her couch added, "We'll care for his hurts."

"I know. You want him left here so you may have your revenge for the beating I gave you."

The mother shook her head sadly. "You would not understand! We of God leave all matters of vengeance unto His mercy."

Deep in thought, the Enemy brought forth a money bag and offered it to the woman on the couch. With a pitying smile she denied him. "All the gold in your vaults would never pay for the care of your son, nor for the punishment, brutal and wicked, I received from your hands! We will help the old one care for him because it is thus our God has spoken."

Blindly the Enemy turned from the table whereon lay his only love, his only claim to heaven. The old doctor handed him the lash, and with a bitter curse the Enemy swung it across the face of the doctor who was so old no one remembered the day of his birth. Unused to brutality, Lisa cowered by the couch, while her mother's eyes held unbelief.

"If my son dies, this house shall be burnt over your heads. I am sending over our doctor and you will help him, or worse things than death shall come upon you. This fool comes with me."

After they had gone Lisa crawled to the window. Numbly she beheld the old one shuffling along as the other rode the horse, striking him now and then with the lash as he stumbled. From the couch her mother's broken voice whispered: "God have mercy upon him."

Centuries aged, the Pine now stood silently as if listening. Lisa closed her eyes as she sobbingly confided: "Where is our old one, Dr. Hellquist, O Pine? The brutal Enemy will not answer our questions when we dare ask—they laugh at us! And this young lad will surely die without him! Their doctor talks

big and pushes long needles into the boy's flesh and he lies as one soon dead. I am afraid with Dr. Hellquist gone. Only he could have saved us."

As Lisa returned to her home, she beheld the Enemy's horse again shivering in the cold. No longer did she tremble at his visits; sooner or later their doom would be sealed.

The Enemy gazed helplessly from his son to the doctor, "He seems no stronger, yet you swore—"

"It is that I cannot understand. I have the broken bones in place, yet he does not respond as he should." The doctor's face was dark with confusion.

Lisa's calm voice announced, "Dr. Hellquist would have him laughing now at his little jokes."

She was rudely shaken as the Enemy demanded: "Dr. Herrick is one of our most brilliant men. What could your old doctor do otherwise for my son?"

Proudly Lisa answered, "You like to brag about your secret weapons and your power. Dr. Hellquist also has a weapon of wondrous power that has healed many who, doctors have said, would surely die."

Dr. Herrick laughed loudly until he beheld the look in his commander's eyes. Suddenly the house became quiet, so quiet that the commander's voice came as a shock: "You will tell me the name of this weapon, this power of Dr. Hellquist."

Lisa backed away from the look in his eyes as she answered: "Bring him here and see if I have not told the truth. Only he can now save your son!"

The Enemy gazed down upon the inert form, and then spoke to Lisa: "I shall send for Dr. Hellquist. If he can save my son I shall reward him richly."

Commands were issued to bring Dr. Hellquist to the Thor home. The Enemy paced back and forth like an animal

that could find no rest. His son lay silent, scarcely breathing. The surgeon stood helplessly, afraid to speak his mind. For he knew he had failed. Lisa and her mother waited in the kitchen.

As the outer door opened Lisa and her mother moved into the room to greet the old doctor. But he was not with the returning officer. The commander stormed: "Where is he? Why did you not bring him here?"

The officer spoke as if dazed: "This morning did you not order us to shoot the most important person here in reprisal for the bombing of the tunnel?"

"Dr. Hellquist was not important; he was an old man and helpless!"

"You have not heard the stories about him as we have. Some claim he has a weapon with which he can heal the sick. The people begged me to spare him. Some even offered their lives as ransom."

Stupidly then, as if not understanding, the commander spoke: "You must tell me what his weapon is; we can learn to use it. We have many brilliant men. My son shall yet live. Tell me its name!"

Tears ran unheeded down her young face as Lisa proudly faced the commander. Brokenly she explained, "You have not the power to use Dr. Hellquist's weapon, for how shall the blind see? The good old man lived so close to God that when he asked Him for healing power for some aching body God answered him. The greatest power in all the world belonged to him, the power of righteous prayer!"

And at even, down in the valley, the old Pine's most aged branch swayed a little beneath the weight of one who in his lifetime bragged of secret weapons; weapons that could give no comfort when death came for his only son, his only treasure.

THE AMATEUR SERVICE SHOW

BY
FERRIS M. WEDDLE
1903

Part II. The Variety Show and the Play

As the curtain rises on the opening night of your big effort you, as director, are part of a shadowy background. If you are human, you will be gnawing your fingernails in last-minute apprehension. Will the show be a success?

If you have been wise in your choice of a show you need not worry. And the best choice for a beginning director is the variety or vaudeville show. This type is simple to stage and requires few rehearsals for it is made up of specialty acts. It can be given in an open field or on a stage with elaborate sets.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD SHOW?

First, speed is essential to the variety show. It must zip along at a fast pace that will leave the audience breathless.

Second, it must have variety; similar acts should not follow one another. If you have two song acts, it's best to break them up with a dance number or some nonmusical number. Third, the accent should be on music and humor.

If you have no post orchestra, try to use a good piano player, or as a last resort use a phonograph. Music lends a gay touch to a variety show, bringing on and taking off performers, and bridging awkward pauses. A good master of ceremonies, of course, can bridge these pauses. More on that later.

WHAT TYPE OF TALENT?

Variety numbers, of course, for all-musical and song shows are difficult to put over unless they are first-rate. Try for the odd and unusual. I remember one act I had in a variety show wherein the soldier played a musical saw. He also played several other instruments—all very badly, but in such a humorous manner that the audience always asked for encores!

You will want the old stand by: musical, song and dance numbers. If you can dig up talented people who are magicians, jugglers or imitators, by all means do so. And don't forget that a line of men dressed as chorus girls is a good bet. They don't have to dance,

for nothing is funnier to an audience than a bunch of rough-kneed men in skirts!

Don't be afraid to do serious numbers in a variety show as long as you can work them in logically. It's best to warn the audience if a serious number is to follow a gay, humorous number. I remember one effective number in a show I directed which was actually quite simple. It was a song number, but the song was broken up with bits of narration when the singer told the story of his home town. A violin played softly behind the narrative. If the song permits it, actors may act out scenes in pantomime in the background as the singer narrates.

Local material, about people familiar to all, is good, and is a method used by all professional entertainers. A story about John Doe might not be funny, but the same one about Lt. Jones might be very funny. This is called "audience identification."

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Many a dull variety show has been saved by special effects, i. e., by the use of colored spotlights, attractive or outlandish scenery, gay or odd costumes and dozens of tricks which have eye appeal. A single spotlight on an actor is much more effective than a light which reveals him on a large, empty stage. One single piece of scenery or a few pieces of furniture will add interest to an otherwise dull number. Costumes should be varied. If most of the acts are humorous, then costumes should be odd. For instance, the man mentioned previously who played the saw always wore a very baggy pair of pants, a loud shirt and cardboard insignia ten times normal size. None of these tricks will completely salvage a dull show, but they do help.

THE M.C.

A good M.C. can make a show; a bad one can ruin it. If you have a good M.C. use him, for he can keep the show moving at a fast pace, and he can keep the audience happy between acts. I've staged shows with them and without them. Either way can be effective.

If you don't care to use an M.C. you can do one of two things: (1) Follow a printed program which has been given the spectators, letting one act succeed another, with musical bridges; or (2) you can have someone simply announce the acts either from backstage over a microphone or from the stage proper. There are probably other methods you can think of.

Variety shows do not require many rehearsals although it is a good idea to have at least one if an M.C. is to be used, or if there are difficult cues for the orchestra to bring on the performers and take them offstage. Three



Impromptu entertainment for men at Air Transport Command terminal put on by members of GI show leaving Oahu, Hawaii, for a tour of forward areas. (Air Force photo)

or four rehearsals, if time permits, will increase chances of a successful show.

THE PLAY

Too many variety shows may become deadily monotonous. You may wish to try something more ambitious like a one-act or three-act play. Here the real work begins and all your energy and patience will be required. Plays are good bets for several reasons, mainly in that they give those people who have no specialties a chance to take part in shows. These people who have no special acts are in the majority.

WHAT TYPE OF PLAY?

Before a play is chosen there are a number of factors to be considered:

(1) Time available for rehearsals,

for plays require long hours of rehearsing and demand a great deal of pleasure sacrifice on the part of those involved.

(2) Stage facilities are important. If your stage is small and cramped, elaborate productions are out, as are productions requiring special lighting or sound effects. More on this in a later chapter.

(3) Talent available. If there are no women who can play female parts, all-men plays must be produced, unless it is a farce where men can take the parts of women. Too, a play which requires tiptop acting should be discarded if the talent is limited.

(4) Remember your audience—they are the judges. For this reason some-



Soldiers' entertainment artists from the screen success "Winged Victory" and stage, screen and Army entertainers shown clowning away the moments while waiting for departure on a swing tour of all forward area AAF bases in the Pacific. Left to right, front: T/Sgt. Bob Nieman, Cpl. John B. Tyers, Cpl. Julian L. Stockdale, Cpl. Walter B. Long, Peter Lind Hayes; second row: Sgt. Jerry Adler, Cpl. Jack W. Morgan, S/Sgt. Daniel D. Scholl, Cpl. Joseph P. Walsh; third row: Sgt. Howard W. Buck and Sgt. Gant Gaither. (Air Force photo)

thing light is usually best, something which will allow the spectators to "escape" for a time.

(5) You must consider the setting of the play and the number of set changes required. Most modern plays for amateur groups require only one set; i. e., the same scenery and properties are used throughout the play. A play of this type should be selected if stage facilities are limited.

CASTING

Let's assume that you have selected a one-act comedy which requires ten players. Now you're ready to cast it. Follow the procedure outlined in the previous article for getting your talent. However, before calling a meeting of all those interested, you should make up copies of the play or excerpts from it to use for *try-outs*. You should have a sheet of paper and a pencil for each person expected to attend so that you can get their names, duty-free hours, and any information required as to experience, etc.

Casting a play isn't easy; in fact, it may be very discouraging at first. You must be thoroughly familiar with the play's plot and characters and setting. Try to visualize each scene and character.

Say you have twenty people turn out for try-outs. They're nervous and you're a little nervous too. Take a deep breath, hand out the scripts, and tell them briefly what the play is about and what each character is like. And here, too, you must bring home the fact that a play takes up a lot of spare time, and that anyone who takes a part is expected to show up for all rehearsals unless specifically excused. The director must be the boss—a kindly, understanding boss, but a firm one.

As you talk, observe those present.



"Big Foot," known in his outfit as a crooning canine, joins his mates in a little harmony somewhere in Italy. The soldiers are Flying Fort Ordnance men of a B-17 group of the 15th USAAF. (Air Force photo)

If you know some of them or all of them then your job of casting won't be so difficult. Try to fit each person present to a character from the play. Designate who is to read which role. Don't make any definite decisions at this try-out. You will undoubtedly change your mind later. Let each person read several different parts; notice the quality of the voice, the expression on each face.

After the reading is finished ask if there is anyone present who wishes to help out on the production staff if they don't get an acting part. Stress the fact that it takes more than actors to make a play successful; those behind the scenes are just as important. A future chapter will be devoted to this subject.

Inform the aspirants that notices will be placed on a certain bulletin board, usually in the recreational hall, for the next meeting.

THE FIRST REHEARSAL

In most cases this is called a *reading* or an extended try-out. You may still be unsure of your cast. Try to make your decision at this reading and tell each would-be actor the part

he is to play; however, make it clear there may be future changes. Give each performer a copy of the script and tell him to study it thoroughly and start learning lines. Until lines are learned no rehearsal is satisfactory. Plan the next meeting. Here you may run into difficulty for all the members may be unable to meet at a certain time. Try to arrange rehearsals for the convenience of the members. Remember, they are doing this because they like the work or want to help out.

FUTURE REHEARSALS

How many rehearsals are required? That's difficult to answer with certainty for too many factors enter into the situation. A one-act play should have a minimum of five or six rehearsals without scripts; a three-act play will require a dozen or more. The complexity of the play will have a great deal to do with this, and the free time available for rehearsals.

The first two rehearsals of a one-act play will be reading rehearsals, i. e., the actors will read from their scripts and *walk through* their parts. It doesn't pay to make many corrections or criticisms during these first two rehearsals. Let the actors get the *feel* of the parts. Make use of the stage properties required by setting up the stage in a manner to approximate what it will be opening night. Substitute furniture or other props may be used. Two or three chairs placed together may serve as a sofa or a table. The main thing is to allow the actors a chance to become thoroughly familiar with the stage set. Also, each performer should use his *hand props*; i.e., props which he handles himself, like pieces of clothing, glasses, cigarettes and matches. The actor is responsible for procuring and keeping track of all of these hand

props. The property man will take care of the larger pieces such as chairs, tables and so on.

The third rehearsal should be without scripts even though the actors aren't sure of their lines; use a prompter. Now is the time to start paying attention to cues and bits of business. A *cue* is any signal which is given by one player to warn another that he is the next to speak or act; have your players underline the last four or five words of a speech or bit of business which precedes his own speech or business. Cues must be picked up quickly or else a show will drag. As you have probably guessed, business is any bit of action required of the player—like moving something or going across stage. When the player begins to go through his business automatically without stopping his speeches he is said to be getting the *feel* of the part. Until lines are thoroughly learned business details cannot be worked out.

Successive rehearsals should be more penetrating; business and cues must be worked out thoroughly. It may be that certain difficult scenes will have to be rehearsed over and over again, separate from the main play. Doing *scenes* is an effective way of rehearsing, especially if all the cast can't show up at the same time. A player with only a few lines will not consider it necessary for him to stay around while the whole play is gone through. He can play his scene and leave.

Try to make your criticisms constructive. A good director seldom shows an actor how a certain scene is played; he will merely suggest and the actor comes through with his own interpretation. A great deal of patience and tact is required of a director, for tempers are apt to grow short after many hours of rehearsal.

(Continued on page 12)



MANY veterans of the 25th (Tropic Lightning) Division will long remember Charles L. McGaha, the little man from Cosby, Tennessee, as the coolest and fightinest soldier they ever saw. "Old Superman," as they sometimes called him, was winner of the Bronze Star, Silver Star, two Purple Hearts, a battlefield commission and the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was just as cool and fearless as anyone said, but the thing I remember about him most was his ability to handle men. He was an old-timer with 12 years' service and knew the American soldier inside and out.

A bewildered dogface fresh from the States, I was sent to the Pacific as a combat replacement. It was my good fortune to have the battle-wise McGaha as my platoon sergeant.

During the Luzon campaign all of us were given strict orders not to drink the contaminated water which was crawling with all sorts of tropical disease germs. Each of us was issued a bottle of halizone tablets with instructions to put two in each canteen of water. After they had remained in the water for 30 minutes it was considered safe to drink.

After the first two or three days most of us became careless and would drink before the tablets had been in the water long enough, while there were others who didn't use the tablets at all.

One night as we were "digging in" I heard the platoon leader say to McGaha, "Mac, I notice a lot of the men aren't using those halizone tablets. If we don't watch out we are going to have a bunch of sick ones. I think I'll call

them all together and remind them again to use those tablets."

Old Superman, who was eating a can of C rations, replied, "I'm afraid that reminding them or ordering them to use those tablets would be a waste of time. We can't watch 40 men 24 hours a day to see that they purify their drinking water. There must be a way to make them want to use those tablets. If you will let me handle the halizone matter I believe I can figure out something to get them to remember to use those tablets as directed."

The platoon leader replied, "Okay, Mac, it's your job."

He seemed relieved to drop all difficult matters into the soft-spoken Sergeant's lap.

The next night our headquarters was set up near the house of a Filipino farmer and he gave us permission to get water from his pump. I noticed several mangy, scaly, razorbacked pigs grunting and rooting in a mud puddle around the small pump. It was easy to see that the water from the pig's wallowing hole was

running back into the well. After dark two men from each squad came and filled all the canteens.

Early next morning McGaha sent a runner to each squad telling them all to come to headquarters to draw their rations. I wondered why he was having every man come instead of having one from each squad as was customary. Though we were several miles from the enemy it was poor tactics to bunch men up. One mortar shell could have wiped out half the platoon.

While the whole platoon was grouped up drawing rations, one of the fellows exclaimed, "My gosh, did we fill our canteens at this well last night?"

Every man in the platoon looked at the mangy pigs wallowing in the stinking mud hole near the well. "Gee," one of them said, "where are my halizone tablets?"

As we walked away I saw five men unscrew their canteens and drop tablets in them. We didn't lose a man from sickness during the whole campaign.

THE AMATEUR SERVICE SHOW *(Continued from page 10)*

The sixth rehearsal should be the *dress rehearsal*: all characters are in make-up and in the costumes they will wear opening night. If costumes are elaborate or unusual it is best to have the performers wear them several times so they can become thoroughly familiar with them. The set should be up now; the scenery in place; the properties placed in the proper positions; the lights checked and in working order. Dress rehearsal should be conducted in the same manner as opening night; the play should start at the prescribed time and end at the hour you have determined previously by *timing* it. Don't make any corrections during the play;

just keep a notebook handy and jot down any comments you may care to make later. If you can, two dress rehearsals should be given. This is especially true of a three-act play.

We've concerned ourselves with only one phase of producing a play here—the acting. Simultaneously, with this phase your time will be occupied in overseeing the *behind-the-scenes* work. You will have appointed a stage manager whose job it is to see that the set is built, that lights and sound effects are procured and ready for operation, that the stage properties are gathered and

(Continued on page 35)

COMMUNITY LIVING

By EDWARD GALING

ACCORDING to the latest available estimates, from those "in the know" in the Building Trades, housing is bound to get a lot worse before there is a chance of its getting any better.

The most optimistic views still report that a period of from three to five years will be necessary before prices go down, or material makes itself available in

such ample quantities as to shelter every ex-GI in the United States.

Although in the past year many new homes have been built, the cost of living is still so high and the workmanship so haphazard that most ex-GIs are not willing to gamble their small hard-earned stakes on a "bad deal."

Instead, they are continuing to "double up" with their relations, causing unnatural friction, and even driving some otherwise happy couples to the divorce courts. Only one solution could do them any good—a home.

If you are a member of this large and ever growing organization of "need-a-home-in-a-hurry" and are an ex-GI, perhaps you are not aware that there is a possible solution—a solution that might be the answer in *your* case.



This author is proud of the project in which he lives.

Suppose you are the average ex-GI family man. You have a wife and a few children. How would you like to have a four-room house (house, mind you, not apartment) situated, if you are lucky, in the suburbs, with a fine plot of ground, both front and back (ample play space for your kids who can't find it in the turmoil of city life); a house with

two bedrooms, bath, kitchen, parlor, refrigerator and electric range all ready to use, and all utilities included, such as screens, garbage cans, and even paint with which to do your house? A place where your kids' school is only a few hundred feet from your very door, where the market place is just down the street, and where the drugstore and cleaners-and-dyers are right next to it. And the beauty of it, the part you are sure to like—the rent for a four-room house—\$37.00 a month (in this particular locality.)

You can rest assured I'm not joking. The proof? I have just described the very place I call my home.

And the opportunity to own one of these places for your own is just as good as mine was. For all you have

to be is an ex-GI within the small income group (as who isn't today?) and have lots of patience and a great deal of luck. I say "patience," for though I do not wish to dampen your spirits, you've got to have this ingredient as it may take you a while at this stage of the game.

These project homes or community projects were established during the war when many workers, migrating from all over the United States to war plants, necessitated housing in a hurry. Many of the projects were of temporary usage, which according to law must be removed. But the permanent projects still stand, and it is with these that we are now concerned.

WHERE PHA COMES IN

There are approximately 160,000 units of federally owned *permanent* war housing at the present time. It is the PHA, or Public Housing Administration, headed by Commissioner John T. Egan, who is responsible for the administration of the U. S. Housing Act program for low-rent and slum clearance housing projects, that in turn are operated by local housing authorities. When you stop to consider the entire set-up you at once begin to see that this is a vast and efficient organization. Over the entire head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency is the Office of the Administrator, administered by Raymond M. Foley. In turn, this is subdivided into three categories, one of which is the Public Housing Administration. The other two branches are the Federal Housing Administration, of which Franklin D. Richards is the commissioner, and the Home Loan Bank Board, with one chairman and two members ruling.

The Home Loan Bank Board is responsible for encouraging home owner-

ship, sound home financing, and for the protection of the savings of small investors. The Board is also responsible for the supervision of 1,500 Federal savings and loan associations now in existence.

The Federal Housing Administration was established in 1934 under the National Housing Act to "encourage improvement in housing standards and conditions—to create a sound mortgage market—and to provide a system of mutual mortgage insurance." While the FHA does not lend money or do any constructing, it does insure private lending institutions against any loss on loans made to alter, repair, or improve real estate or construct low-cost homes where the mortgage does not exceed \$3,000. These are the three main groups.

The project where I live (Lacey Park, Hatboro, Pennsylvania) consists of neat little brick and wooden houses built row upon row with many wide streets. In the past three years I have seen this permanent project (still in the rental stage) grow from a few hundred families to 1,500 or more, with a long waiting list for these homes when they are vacated by GIs who have finally moved into other dwellings.

The popularity of community living is easily discernible when you observe how quickly one family moves in as another moves out.

Although I can give you firsthand information only about the project that I am living in, there are certain similarities in all of them that you must consider before you put your name down on the list of waiting hopefuls.

First—are you a hermit? Do you like to live alone, away from well-meaning but sometimes annoying (depending on how you look at it) neighbors?

If so, then don't consider this solution as your own. For in community living you can have a certain degree of privacy—but not too much.

You must expect an occasional knock on the door from your next-door neighbor who is out of sugar or coffee—or perhaps there is a problem of mutual interest. But what better way, I ask you, is there to become acquainted in the good old democratic way of life? Personally, I like it.

With community living you can't ever get lonely, for there is life and activity at every turn in the road, and sometimes, you may think, even a bit too much of it. Second question—can you obey rules and regulations? Being an ex-GI, you should have no trouble on this point—but perhaps you have taken a dislike to it. However, the rules and regs are simply for your own benefit, as well as your neighbors', a most necessary feature when all live as one.

Community living has many good points. From the standpoint of companionship, where else will your children have the benefits they have on a project where almost every home has children also? Besides this, most projects have not neglected playgrounds for the children, fully equipped, and baseball fields for the teen-agers, and community buildings where movies, dances, and club gatherings take place. Very few outside concerns bother with these vital necessities when they are building homes.

PREFERENCE GROUPS

According to the Government's program right now, the promotion of home ownership, with preference to vets, is foremost. This is the program of Congress as set forth in the Lanham Act; that of disposing of Government-owned war housing as soon as feasible. Naturally, World War II vets, who are now

living, or desire to live, in these homes, will be first to get them if they want them. The three preference groups as set up by Housing Regulation No. 1 are as follows, in the order of priority: (1) veterans now living in a war housing unit which is to be sold and who intend to continue occupying such unit; (2) veterans who intend to occupy a dwelling to be sold; (3) non-veterans presently occupying a unit which is to be sold and who intend to continue to live in the dwelling after purchase.

This makes it a good deal for the vet, for chances are that if a war housing project is sold either by the tenants themselves going into mutual ownership (and the Government gives them first rights), or through private investors (with FHA loans a possibility), rents may continue to be cheaper than anywhere else. This, of course, is only a guess, but chances are good that this might happen. Another deal is that of the communities asking for permanent low-rent housing projects for low-income families, and this will be up to the PHA to determine and up to the Housing and Home Finance Agency to approve for submission to Congress for decision. Either way, it should be a "good deal" for the vet.

Most projects work on the theory that families with children need the most rooms. For instance, there are three-, four-, and five-room houses, varying in rental accordingly. Many projects share utilities (also depending on the locale) which never amount to more than two or three dollars a month no matter how much gas or electricity has been consumed during the month.

Appearances of the project homes differ too, depending on where you live, but although some of them may not appeal to you visually at first, re-

member that you can furnish these homes quite comfortably and make them a place where you'll be proud to have your friends and family come. No matter how far away from the city you may live, you won't lack the everyday conveniences of life, such as the mailman, milkman, baker, paper boy, or even the ice cream vendor. You will even find yourself hard pressed to shoo away all the earnest salesmen you will find at your door who seem to regard the project homes as a veritable bonanza for this type of enterprise.

One of the major criticisms I have found leveled against community housing is the fact that people live "too much alike"—too much sameness in both design and circumstances of the people who live in them. Many of these criticisms are unfounded, for although the homes may not be palatial estates, their appearance (or lack of it) is after all up to the occupants. As for repair work, most projects have their own maintenance crews doing a good job taking care of their investment.

LOCATION OF COMMUNITY HOUSING PROJECTS

How does some one go about getting into one of these homes? Where are they located? Well, every state has regional and area offices of the Public Housing Administration. The thing to do is to look up the one in your particular state and get your name on the list. You can either write, or go down to your particular regional director headquarters where they will interview you and give you the exact location of the project in your case and full particulars. You will find that the PHA is most helpful, and will do everything in its

power to secure a home for you if at all possible. Below you will find a list that will prove most helpful to you in this respect.

Region No. 1 (California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, Wyoming)

Jesse Epstein, Director, 760 Market Street, San Francisco 2, California.

Region No. 2 (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Cuba, the Canal Zone)

William Seaver, Director, Empire State Building, New York, New York.

Region No. 3 (Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska, Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan)

Orvil R. Olmsted, Director, 201 North Wells Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Region No. 4 (North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia)

John P. Broome, Director, Georgia Savings Bank Building, Peachtree and Broad Streets, Atlanta 3, Georgia.

Region No. 5 (Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, Colorado)

Marshall W. Amis, Director, 725 Texas & Pacific Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

Many of my friends who put their names down on the waiting list for a project home were lucky enough to be notified within a few weeks that their homes were ready and they could move in. Today they are still happily satisfied that they did, and who can blame them, the way things are today?

The same *could* happen to you. It's worth looking into. I have given you some of the groundwork with which to start.

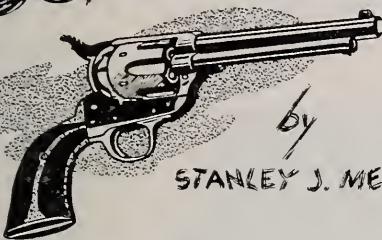
The rest is up to you. Good luck!



SCARED TO DEATH

O'GUNS

by
STANLEY J. MEYER



CLEM awoke with a start. His back ached from sleeping with the chair leaned against the tin wall of the shack, and his head throbbed dully from inhaling the rancid odor of stale rubbish. He wondered why, after all his years as foreman of the city dump, he had never grown immune to the odors.

The fire in the potbellied stove had burned low, and the shack was chilly. Clem pulled the collar of his ragged overcoat up around his neck and was about to poke up the fire when he heard the car motor. He stopped and listened. At this hour of the morning no cars were allowed on the dump.

He sighed and picked up the short hickory club that lay on an upturned nail keg. There would probably be trouble. People resented being ordered off the dump, especially by an old colored man. He wished they would obey the *Keep Out* signs.

He stepped out of the shack and waited. Maybe the driver would see him in the moonlight and would leave. The car motor hummed steadily, but there was no sign of life in the car. Clem sighed again and started toward it. He was less than ten feet away when his failing eyes made out the hose clamped onto the exhaust pipe and run-

ning in the window. He jerked it loose from the pipe and rapped sharply on the trunk with his stick. The drumming brought no results.

Clem hurried around to the door. It was locked. So was the door on the opposite side. He peered into the windows, and very faintly made out a huddled figure on the back seat. Without hesitating he broke a window, reached in and unlatched the door.

The huddled figure jerked upright. Clem saw a young man, well dressed, and apparently not under the influence of liquor. He tipped his hat and said politely, "Kinda runnin' away, ain't ya, son?"

The young man snapped on the dome light. Clem saw his eyes were blue, and his hair blond. "What do you want?" growled the young man.

Clem grinned and scratched the kinky hair above his ear. "All I wants, son, is peace. And plenty of it. But somehow people won't leave me alone on the dump at night. Me and the rats don't mind a little sociable company once in a while but we don't allow no law breakin' here."

"I wasn't breaking the law," snapped the young man, "and I wasn't hurting you, was I?"

Clem pursed his lips. "Well, now, maybe you was, and maybe you wasn't. You sure wasn't doin' yourself no good."

"I don't see where it concerns you what I do to myself."

"Maybe it don't, son. But what you does on the city dump does concern me."

"Then I'll go someplace else and tend to the matter." The young man started to climb over the front seat.

"Not so fast," said Clem, sliding in behind the wheel. He shut off the motor. The young man reached

over the seat, snapped open the glove compartment, and pulled out a revolver. "Get out," he snapped, shoving the weapon against Clem's ear.

Clem didn't seem to notice the gun. "Gits mighty lonesome down here at nights," he said. "Care if I smoke?"

Without waiting for permission he pulled a sack of tobacco from his pocket, carefully rolled a cigarette, licked the paper with his tongue, and shoved the tube between his lips. "This ain't no place for a young man like you," he said softly.

"Why not? When you get to the point where there's nothing more to lose, the dump's the place for you."

"Think so, son?" asked Clem, lighting the cigarette.

"Sure. When you get as low as I am life isn't worth anything. Isn't this the place where everybody dumps their junk?"

"Life ain't never junk," said Clem.

"I ain't a smart man. I never had no education, but I know life ain't never junk."

"That's what you think."

"Ain't only me, son. Lots of people think that way. I see men and women rootin' in the garbage piles every day

lookin' for sumpin' to sell so they can git their next meal. Yes, and I even seen 'em picking out garbage to eat. When you git that far down life ain't worth a heap, but it still ain't junk."

"Nobody gets low enough to eat garbage," said the young man.

"Think not? You should see 'em

sometimes. It ain't a purty pitcher, let me tell you."

"Lies." The young man sounded angry. "You think you can make me change my mind."

Clem nodded. "I reckon that's what I hoped for, but—"

"You're wasting your time, mister. What I do won't hurt you."

"Maybe not. But it might hurt somebody else."

"I doubt it. Now get out." The gun pressed harder against Clem's ear. "Or do I have to pull the trigger?"

Clem shrugged, but didn't move. "What good would it do shooting me, son? If you're goin' through with this other you don't want my blood on your hands when you reaches them golden gates."

"What difference does it make? Whoever's taking tickets at that gate isn't paying much attention to me."

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that."



The gun pressed harder against Clem's ear. "Or do I have to pull the trigger?" the man snapped.

Clem took a final drag at the cigarette and flipped it into a pile of tin cans. A large gray rat squealed in terror and raced off into the darkness. "'Pears to me we all git a heap of favors from heaven."

The pressure of the gun eased slightly. "Yeah?" said the gun wielder. "I suppose your job in this rat hole is one."

"Might be," said Clem slowly. "I'm an old man and ain't good for much. But if I was a young man like you I'd—"

"You'd what?"

"I'd have a good job and a nice car and a girl friend, and—"

"Girl friend." The young man laughed harshly. "You'd have one 'til she got your money, then she'd drop you like a . . . a . . ."

"Hot potato, son?"

"Yeah, hot potato." The young man grinned slightly and lowered the revolver. "But what do you know about women?"

"Enough," said Clem. "Enough."

"I suppose you were jilted too?"

Clem nodded wisely. "Now that you mention it, son, yes. It was the luckiest day of my life, but I couldn't see it at first. That woman turned out fat and ugly. Had seven kids then ran off with the milk man." Clem sighed. "Yes, son, I reckon I was plain lucky."

The young man looked puzzled. "You mean that really happened?"

"You bet it did," said Clem. "Lord, how I loved that woman. Couldn't see the filth for the paint, I guess."

The young man studied the old Negro for a moment. "Didn't it make you feel bad?"

"Sure it did. Felt like I didn't have a friend left. Didn't care if I lived or died." The young man said nothing. "But I got over it," Clem went on. "Ain't no cloud dark enough to hide the sun all the time. Wasn't long 'til I found a girl I could trust."

The young man shook his head. "I couldn't ever trust one again."

"Don't say that, son. Just 'cause one dog goes mad and bites you ain't no sign all dogs is gonna bite you."

They sat in silence for several minutes. Finally the young man smiled. "Maybe you're right, uncle. But this hit me pretty hard."

"Always does. A man has to be like a prize fighter. If he quit the first time he got socked he'd never win no fights." Clem slid out of the car. "Reckon you kin find your way outta here all right?"

The young man nodded. "I think so. Thanks a lot."

Clem's eyebrows shot up. "Thanks? For what?"

"For saving my life."

"I didn't save your life, son. I was talkin' to save mine. I'se scared to death o' guns. Now beat it."

The car pulled away. "Yes sir," said Clem to himself, "I'se even more scared o' guns than I is of women. And the Lord knows I'se so scared of women I ain't never picked up the courage to go with one."

This Month's Cover

THE Navy airman shown on our cover this month is Keith M. Shaffer, photographed when he was an ensign at Los Alamedas Naval Reserve Station. He seems to be striding into the future with such confidence that he symbolizes for us the spirit of all young men and women who are serving or have served in the armed forces of our country. May you find in the New Year that high goal toward which your hopes and ambitions lead you.



'WAY back in 1933 the beloved O. O. McIntyre, writing from London, said:

"I keep thinking of a forlorn outcast struggling with a windblown banner in Trafalgar Square last winter. His banner read: 'Let's be pleasant to each other. We're all having a dreadful time of it!' That," wrote McIntyre, "that isn't so many miles from being a sort of runner-up for the Sermon on the Mount in these catastrophic days."

And I'm sure we'll all agree that in this catastrophic winter of '49 we could use a little pleasantness, a little everyday, human kindness. Sometimes we're inclined to ponder whether all the Ten Commandments might not be comfortably tucked into a corner of that Sermon on the Mount, especially that part which reads: "That ye love one another."

Christ came to teach us to love one another by looking for and finding the *good* in one another, irrespective of the evil that might lie there too—as dross in gold.

Read the Scriptures and you will note that in time of crisis, when God looks about for a leader, a "savior" of the people, He looks for special qualities in a man rather than for perfection.

Take, for instance, the incident of the great flood, which destroyed everything that grew upon the earth. As commander of the day, God chose Noah, a man whom teetotalers the world over would unquestionably have frowned

upon. But God looks for the *good* in a man, not the weakness, and in Noah there was great courage, great generalship and wisdom.

And David, poor King David! How the local Vigilant Society would have disapproved of him and drawn its skirts away. Yet it was the *good* in King David that God saw, just as He saw the good in St. Peter despite his weaknesses, his stubbornness, his denial of his Lord.

Alas, in this critical, analytical, unimaginative age we have come to judge our fellowmen as critics judge books, not by the good that is in them, but by their faults! Not by the spiritual *best* in them, but by their outward worst; not by their souls, but by their superficial deportment.

F. S. Davis wrote a poem beloved through the years:

*"My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulders sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.*

*Oh folk, who scorn my stiff, grey gown,
My dull and foolish face—
Can ye not see my Soul swoop down,
A singing flame in space?*

*And, folk whose earth-stained looks I hate
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
Shining and swift, as mine?"*

Suppose we try looking for the good in each other, suppose we all try being a little kinder to each other, as this new year gets under way. What a wonderful, heartening year it is then bound to be!

—MARK CRANE



There is far more hunger for love and appreciation in this world than there is hunger for bread.

Sunshine Magazine

A MAN'S WIFE

By Ruth Appleby

THE bus jogged to a halt at the side of the crowded road and the door jerked open. With a sense of relief, Matt Logan stepped down into the puff of dust drifting up from the wheels. He rested his overseas bag on a rock in the ditch, as the driver shifted gears.

He remembered how he and Marge had sat in the back of that bus three years ago, and laughed together as the quivering vehicle bounced and swayed over the narrow road from town. Incredible that it was only three years! He whistled speculatively, watching it round the curve up ahead with its squat cab leaning at a dangerous angle. Some time between then and now his senses had become acute to danger. The alertness had fathered a strange creature that lived within his body—a vague fear that made him uncertain of even the ground on which he stood.

In the quiet that followed, Matt picked up his bag again. Looking at the two-story red and white brick apartment units before him, he thought it was strange how they seemed to be bunched in together along the winding drives. Over There, distances had been so great in his mind.

Walking through the familiar entrance to Whittier Hills, he thought it was like so many other Sunday mornings he remembered. He could hear birds and smell the green of growing things. The first neighborhood riser, a little girl, stood in the middle of the sidewalk with one foot perched on a scooter, staring at him. Three years ago he would have ruffled her hair as he passed.

Rounding the curve in the drive, he

saw a shiny green convertible sedan standing at the curb ahead of him. It was parked in front of the hedge-bordered walk to his own door.

Matt felt his arms and legs weaken with a familiar dread. Vainly, he told himself he was being hypersensitive. The car could belong to occupants of any one of the other three apartments in his unit. There was no reason to think—. He broke out in a sweat and took a deep breath to quiet the pounding of his heart.

Marge didn't know he was coming—any day, yes, but not exactly when. He was sorry now that he hadn't called her from town. It was thoughtless of him, popping in on a Sunday morning like this, and he despised the fear that made him expect—anything.

Once more Matt felt despair in the realization that Marge had been too young, too full of life to leave alone for three years. Like most wives they knew, she had gone to work, but her letters had remained carefree little notes that cheered him in the beginning, and then he had learned to dread them, for with each letter Fear had gripped him a little more securely.

How could a girl like Marge be faithful all that time; Marge, whose very life meant love and cherishing and gay companionship? Her laughing letters had become little mockeries, as though secret escapades were hidden underneath. Oh, he had understood that her youth might blind her to a deep, adult regard for honor and faithfulness. But it didn't help, to understand.

With an effort Matt put the convert-

ible and all it might mean out of his mind. Little snatches of memories began filling the space; Marge rolling on the floor with her yapping terrier; Marge singing as she prepared supper; Marge hugging him around the middle like a child. His pixie-wife, he had called her.

He felt in his pocket for the apartment key. For three years it had been there waiting to unlock the door to home. In another minute it would be done. He had a sudden panicky impulse to turn and dash for cover in the quiet little woods across the street. But he went on, each step bringing him nearer to the nightmare that was supposed to be the happiest moment of his life.

Hesitantly he turned in at the walk and scanned the colonial door ahead of him. It was like sighting a target, the most strategic target of them all.

Three years since he had last looked at this door; war at the beginning, then months of watching the return of life to a dead land, and the final ironic twist when his jeep struck an unretrieved mine in a German meadow, landing him in the hospital for six weeks. The surgery on his hands, neck, and chin would be barely discernible in another month or two, he knew, but the hideous feeling of being unwhole and patched up—a psychological reaction, they said—was scarcely beginning to recede.

Inside the entry he came face to face with his own apartment door. It was then the Truth crystallized in his mind: it was simply that he was no longer the joyous boy-husband who had played at housekeeping with the lovable, carefree girl. Somewhere, Over There, a weight of responsibility had taken hold and quieted the laughing youth within him. When he laughed now it had a deeper, slower quality even to his own ears. How could his gay, childlike Marge be

satisfied with him? Matt winced with the crushing knowledge that their marriage was surely a hopeless thing.

The key went into the lock with scarcely a sound. He pushed the door open gently. Marge had always kept the place clean and sweet-smelling, and his dismay was acute now as he scanned the familiar living room strewn with glasses and coffee cups and cigarette ashes. The pillows on the couch were shapeless lumps pushed into the corners; the books on the shelf were awry; a partially deflated balloon pup was tied to the leg of a littered card table.

So this was Sunday morning in his apartment! With an effort Matt controlled his shock. His mind flew to the car outside; perhaps his fear had not been so foolish after all.

He shook his head. Some fragment of the trust he'd had for her three years ago came to him unexpectedly. He'd have to see with his own eyes this thing that had come into his mind—this hideous unfaithfulness his uncertainty had conceived.

He stepped inside the room and lowered his bag quietly onto the maroon rug. The door closed with a click. She heard that small sound as though she had been listening for many days.

"Matt!"—her voice came from the kitchen.

In spite of the tragedy he felt, an uncontrollable joyousness flooded through him and he couldn't move. She was upon him in an instant.

When he looked at her finally she was just a trifle more rounded out. Her blonde hair was the same: short curls, tousled from sleep. Her blue eyes had tears in them that remained just on the verge of falling. He remembered her tears. Usually they had spilled over quickly and were gone in a moment.

She was wearing a soft, frivolous

gown with long, cloud-like sleeves. The skirt of it caught on the breeze from the open windows and drifted to and fro about her small feet.

My pixie-wife, Matt thought. Oh, she wouldn't be to blame for—anything; it was her youth and passion for life and all the things he had loved in her that had betrayed him.

"I'm so sorry," she half-turned, encompassing the room in her glance, "so sorry you had to see it like this." Her eyes came to his face and she smiled ruefully. "I wanted everything to be perfect for you."

He searched her face to find the spark of deception that would belie her sincerity. He could find none. She was merely blinking her tears away.

She grasped his hand impulsively, then pulled him across the room. "Why didn't you tell me?" she scolded him. "Not even a single call!"

He went with her toward the kitchen. "How can men have such will power?" she laughed.

He sat down in one of the maple chairs, not taking his eyes from her buoyant form while she completed her interrupted task of filling the coffee-maker. Then she took eggs and cream and oranges from the refrigerator and laid them on the drainboard.

In the middle of the small space of kitchen she stopped abruptly and held out her hand to touch his hair and his face. "Oh Matt, I'm so glad—" but she whirled away without finishing, to take cups and plates from the cupboard.

How could he know, Matt tortured himself, if her sincerity was a practiced thing?

"Headache?" she asked suddenly. "Oh, we can't have that. I'll get you some—"

"No," he took his hand from his fore-



"How can men have such will power?" she laughed.

head where he had been unconsciously wiping perspiration. He caught her by the arm. "Don't go away. I haven't any headache."

They smiled at each other then and he pulled her to him for a brief kiss.

They were eating breakfast together finally, talking and eating, and Matt was trying desperately to overcome the strange self-consciousness that gripped him. But what seemed stranger still to him was Marge's ease and naturalness. He was wary of it, watching to see a false note that would betray her. At the same time he loathed himself for his doubts.

"Oh darling, I didn't tell you about the mess—" she nodded quickly toward the living room. "This horror you walked into this morning—"

He waited for her explanation, had been waiting.

"They were boys and girls who used to come to the USO. I met them in town yesterday, a whole group of them standing on a street corner trying to decide what to do next."

Lonesome fellows, he thought, yearning for life—and Marge, a bright flower of humanity wanting to be loved—.

"I invited them for cokes and some fun." She laughed. "They had it all right, and I don't think the place will ever be the same. I wore a path from here to there, trying to fill them up with cokes and cookies and coffee." He wouldn't meet her laughing gaze. "You should have heard them—they called me 'Mom'!"

It was difficult for him to picture but he tried to; for the sake of his own despairing love, he tried to.

Finally she pushed back her chair. "We're still in time for church," she told him. "It's a perfect thing to do—for the first." She flushed at her own sentimentality, but he smiled. Senti-

ment was something most GIs learned early if they didn't know it already.

She looked at him curiously. "Do you think anything in the closet would fit?"

Matt finished his coffee without raising his eyes. This was another round, he told himself grimly. There wasn't anything in the closet he would feel at ease wearing, he was quite sure; not a single conventional suit on the rack.

He punched his middle with his thumb. "Too much fat," he told her.

She laughed. "Anyhow, it's the last chance they'll get to see my handsome husband in a uniform—even if the crows-feet are a little threadbare."

She put her hand on his shoulder. "You relax for a few minutes—you need it. I'm going to see what I can do about making this look like a place where people live."

It didn't take her long but the brief respite was like a second wind to him. He had poured himself more coffee and was just finishing it when she returned and held out her hand to him.

"There! I feel human again!"

They went into the tiny bedroom together, smiling as they squeezed through the doorway side by side. Matt was quite sure now they were alone, and that her pink gown was just a characteristic whim. The car outside had meant nothing; his suspicion had been only an ugly thought all his own.

She sang in the shower while he got acquainted with his room once more. When she came out her hair was clinging to her head like a baby's. He answered her happy smile and watched her go to the closet, then he turned to the window.

He was just in time to see an elderly couple go down the hedge-bordered walk from the building. He watched the man open the door of the convertible and wait while the woman stepped in. As

they drove away a minute later Matt let out his breath in a long sigh of assurance. But he needed more relief than that; anything, he thought desperately, to ease the pressure of the gulf separating them.

It would be fairer to tell her, he decided suddenly; save both of them agonized hours of watching the distance between them grow visibly wider. He took a deep breath.

"Marge—"

"Um-hum?"

"It's been a long time—three years is a long time, isn't it?"

"Um-hum."

He wasn't doing well at all. He walked over to his dresser and picked up his key. "I used to look at this and wonder if it would ever open the door again. It did. It opened the door to the apartment, but there's a door inside me, Marge, and it seems as though it won't ever open again."

He heard her stop whatever she was doing and wait. He returned to the window without looking at her and plunged on.

"I've grown up. In three years I've changed more than I ever thought possible in a whole lifetime—not about loving you—it's just that I feel, oh, fifteen years older."

She spoke then, and her voice was rich with understanding.

"Of course you've changed," she agreed. "I have too, didn't you see?"

Abruptly he turned, unable to believe what he had heard. He stared, hypnotized with the incredible picture of Marge wearing a softly tailored suit, a trim white blouse, and conservative walking pumps. Her hair was arranged close to her head with the damp curls combed into soft waves. This was not the irresponsible girl-bride; this clear-eyed young woman was a man's wife!

"Marge—" he said it slowly, in immense relief and wonderment.

She came toward him and stopped just at arm's length away.

"It's been three years of work and responsibility and growing up for both of us, Matt." He had the fantastic impression that this was a mother speaking to a child. "The kind of years we've just passed through only make it happen quicker than it usually does to people. We haven't had time to get used to it yet, that's why the change seems so great."

Suddenly, seeing the earnest quality of her beloved face, it was so simple to him. He knew in a flash why she was completely at ease—there was nothing on her conscience!

"Yes, you've changed," she said, smiling, as she searched his eyes. "I wouldn't be the happiest wife on earth at this moment if you hadn't!"

He wanted to explode with joyous laughter at the wonderful irony of her gladness. She had been wondering about *him*! Like a miracle there was light and exultation within him where there had been only a grotesque uncertainty. Even the shame of knowing he didn't deserve her faithfulness could not mar his relief. Later when he had time to think, he would examine carefully all he had learned from her these last few moments.

Now as she yielded to his arms he felt an even newer strength in her closeness. He felt humbled, knowing his fear was without cause or reason; but had been only a last stronghold of his own departing immaturity.

With the fragrance of her hair in his nostrils he experienced a blessed thankfulness, knowing she was a man's woman. He held her tight against his heart, and he told himself, "This man's woman!"

Journey Through the Holy Land

By James L. Harte

PART III—CONCLUSION

"... A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. . . ." (Luke 10:30.)

In the Palestine of that time, the time of *"... a certain Samaritan,"* who, *"as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. . . ."* (Luke 10:33), bold thieves waylaid the traveler along many a mile of road. From caves and hideouts they preyed from Jerusalem to Damascus. Today, from the selfsame caves and fastnesses robber bands prey upon the modern traveler in the Holy Land.

Such thievery and violence, however, is modern in variety and is less prevalent, when the Land is at peace, than a similar disturbance in the State of Massachusetts, which approximates in area the region of the Holy Land. For the Palestine of today is surprisingly progressive and new-worldly, with little more than its ancient shrines to bespeak its storied past.

The transition of Palestine from a country so backward that its economic conditions were unhealthy, its population in large part meagerly existing, to a land of agricultural and industrial progress, was long coming. It was only after the first World War that appreciable strides were made.

The first response, initiated by fore-

sighted Jewish and Arab leaders, was the beginning of an agricultural policy. Three main circles of producers came into existence: the private farms of the villages throughout the Holy Land, the little farms that had long given small crops to their owners but were now modernized for greater production; the cooperative farms of the Jewish Cooperative Labour Settlements, to become known as *Tnuva* farms, and the so-called "urban dairies." Production difficulties were tremendous except along the fertile coastal strip. Inland the semiarid and arid areas presented problems once deemed insurmountable. The Holy Land tourist, prior to 1920, would have seen here vast sandy wastes and acres of malarial swampland. Today the visitor is amazed to note the transformation into immensely productive areas of orchards, green fields, and prosperous settlements.

A striking example is the once vast desert waste of the Negeb, in the south below Beersheba. Irrigation ditches began the transformation of this region by the pioneers who streamed in after the peace of 1918 into a magical, almost veritable Garden of Eden. Eucalyptus trees were systematically planted to aid in the retention of water in the soil, and a hundred or more settlements grew into the towns that now greet the eye, modern towns with modern homes, roads, schools and houses of worship.

Agriculture flourished, but in itself was insufficient and less wide in scope than desirable. The natural resources of the country are by no means fully utilized today, but they need the implementation of large-scale irrigation schemes. Thus a vast land reclamation plan has been brought to the blueprint stage and, with peace, large hopes are held for its realization. The plan, known as the Jordan Valley Authority, is based on the scientific work of the American, W. C. Lowdermilk, assistant chief of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Dr. Lowdermilk states that the valley of the Jordan offers a combination of natural features and a concentration of resources which "set the stage for one of the . . . most far-reaching reclamation projects in the world."

The continued development of an agricultural economy is necessary as it becomes apparent that the Holy Land suffers a dearth of mineral resources. There are few minerals in Palestine worth mentioning, other than the rich yield of phosphate deposits by the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee. Without workable mineral deposits, industry cannot assume sufficient size to provide for a proportionate number in population.

The Holy Land visitor, however, is agreeably surprised to see some flourishing industries. Chief among them, naturally, are the potash works along the Dead Sea south of Jerusalem and in the north in the vicinity of Nazareth and Tiberius. Factories devoted to the manufacture of chemicals, of textiles, leatherware, and the minor industrial items such as jewelry, followed in the wake. Where shale and limestone deposits were found cement plants came into existence. Yet such manufacture has benefited chiefly the mushrooming coastal cities such as Tel Aviv, Haifa

and Beyrouth. In these cities, as in Jerusalem alone of the inland cities, modern, well-equipped power plants have been built. Oddly, it is Tel Ayiv, the modern city founded in 1909, which has taken the leadership in industrial and agricultural development. Next in importance is the Haifa district, with the region of Jerusalem a poor third.

It is Jerusalem, however, that startles the visitor with its amazing contrast. Apart from the dull roofs and domes crowded into the narrow confines of the city's ancient walls, the sacred sites within its narrow streets, stands the finest building in all of modern Palestine. It is the magnificent YMCA structure on Julian's Way, built on the site of an old goat pasture not far from the railway station. It was built as a central hostel for people of all races and creeds, one that would be worthy to stand as a monument to Christianity amid the ancient monuments to all of religion.

The carved inscriptions on the facade of the building give equal space to Eng-



Tomb of Rachel, favorite wife of Jacob, and mother of Joseph and Benjamin, located near Bethlehem. (RNS Photo)

lish, Arabic and Hebrew. The membership, meeting on common ground, is almost equally divided between Christians, Jews and Arabs. On its cornerstone is lettered the message: "This building is given to the glory of God."

Another modern development that, along with the YMCA of the Holy City, has become a tourist mecca is the famed "Field of the Shepherds" at Bethlehem. This field—where shepherds watched their flocks—is much the same today as it was in the time of Christ, for under American capital, the field was turned into a park and recreation ground, with a quiet chapel where special Christian services are held, especially during each Christmas season. The section had lain bare for some time, but under the supervision of the Jerusalem Boy Scouts a pine forest was planted and nurtured and the little chapel erected near to an ancient cave on the property which overlooks the town of Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity. The cave, too, has become a place where persons of the three great faiths, Christian, Jew and Moslem, come to meditate and to worship each in his own way.

North from Jerusalem and inland

until one reaches the Sea of Galilee the journey through the Holy Land leads again into green pastures of modern, irrigated farms. Here Jesus once traveled, from Capernaum to Nain, to Gergesa and to Nazareth, and again to Bethsaida, where He fed the five thousand. In the area now are the potash and chemical factories, some of the examples of progress not far distant from the hallowed spot, halfway north along the Sea, which is the scene of the Sermon on the Mount.

The spot, at Tiberius, has otherwise changed little from the time of the New Testament. Where the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, known at times as the Sea of Tiberius and as the Lake of Gennesaret, lap at the shore walls and pilings, there is extensive fishing. Here Peter, Andrew, James and John fished where the professional fishermen of Galilee now cast their nets.

The Holy Land visitor is intrigued with the method the fishermen used. They fish only at night, rowing out into the lake with their flat-bottomed boats to distribute their nets. Then, nets anchored, the men stand in their boats and begin to stamp their feet rhythmically on the footboards of their craft. This serves to scare the fish into action and send them swimming into the enveloping nets. Many an uninformed tourist, rooming in one of the ancient houses overlooking the water, has been startled into wakefulness by the sound of the pounding feet of the fishermen.

It is an old, old custom, yet it is a part of the new culture that has come into the Holy Land, one based upon a substantial, modern community, earning its daily bread by the sweat of its brow on farms, in factories, in shops, and on the sea. A growing culture that has brought many a patch of desert to flower, organized an economy that has



The Pool of the Sultan just outside the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem, where animals are traded and sold on Fridays. In the background is the modern Church of St. Andrew. (RNS Photo)

given gainful employment to Arab and Jew, and has begun to educate and to create. A culture that in modernization but more deeply enshrines that little corner of the world wherein the three great religions of man were born. To all who view it will always be, as it has always been, the wonder of wonders that what by far the great majority of humans believe to be the truth of God and man comes from this tiny area.

Apart from the intellectual wonders of ancient Greece, apart from Plato and Aristotle, this small land of Canaan gave us the foundation of our western civilization. To it we now impart some of the material progress that man has made. And, although its history is one of long travail, the one who has journeyed through the Holy Land in its past and its present must best be aware of the words which Jesus Christ addressed to His hearers in concluding the parable of the Good Samaritan:



Ancient tomb opening upon an age-old garden spot just under the hill of Golgotha, outside the Damascus Gate. Many believe it to be the very tomb in which the Saviour was laid after His Crucifixion. Before the tomb is a long deep groove in which a great stone was rolled to close the entrance. (RNS Photo)

"Go, and do thou likewise."

It is the way of one world.

GREETING THE GLOBAL DAY

In the old Jerusalem one of the pressing questions was that of when it would be proper to offer the morning sacrifice. Not any time would do for that but only the right time. So, as the Talmud tells us, the priests, while it was yet dark, were bidden to go out upon the wall of the Temple, and look for some rosy tinge in the eastern sky that would show that the time for the morning sacrifice had arrived. As soon as the day dawned the expectant watchman would cry, "It has flashed forth!"

One noted rabbi has supplied more details. A voice would challenge the observing priest with the question, "Has the whole face of the East become lit up **as far as to Hebron?**" (a village some fifteen miles south of Jerusalem). As soon as the priest answered, "Yes!" the first sacrifice was offered, at the very break of day.

The watcher on the wall! Rosy dawn over Olivet! There is a theme for a modern Raphael! Is the Church of Christ quick to hail the dawn of a new day of opportunity for worship and work? "As far as to Hebron." Where today is Hebron—that distant point of regard? Truly it can be said, even after desolating war, that the whole face of the Far East—even to Japan, Korea, China, Indonesia, and the isles of the Pacific—is lit up with a new promise. **It is flashing forth**—the glory of a new global day. —Charles A. S. Dwight

Batting the Breeze



FAN MAIL

Many people have complimented you on your swell stories but I want to thank you especially for your features. I think *At Ease*, *Link Lines* and *Off the Record* are wonderful and I just love your covers. I've collected about four or five LINK copies so far and when I spread them out in front of me I can say that every single cover is super. I'm also convinced that *Topic Talks* and *Daily Rations* have been a great help to a lot of people so keep up the good work, will you?

Ruth Kalweit
BLN.—Charlottenburg 1
Kaiserin Augusta Allee 48
Berlin (British Sector), Germany

PEN PALS

Being a member of the Anglo-German fellowship of Wesley House in Berlin I recently got the chance to achieve a copy of THE LINK. I have read it time and time again and I therefore like to confess that all I did read in your paper has been not only a spiritual uplift but rather a sermon to me. It has also given to me the feeling that there are still many Christians in the world no matter what nationality they have. Living in a ruined place like Berlin where tragedy and chaos are to be found everywhere and very little joy only the message your magazine has brought down to Berlin

has been a particular one for me as well.

My dearest wish is to get the chance to communicate with League's members of THE LINK. The exchange of Christian ideas which is the original purpose of the desire of mine may become an enlightenment and profitable correspondence by the use of which some light may be brought into this dreary life and world in which I am living in particularly now. I like to add that I am 30 years old and a Protestant by faith. I would very much like to contact some of your members who are also interested in that idea.

Fritz Kacner
Jagowstr. 19
Berlin N.W. 8 F., Germany

POST EXCHANGE—CLEARING HOUSE

Shipmates of the *U.S.S. Hyman*, ahoy there! The U.S.S. Hyman Association is seeking the addresses of all former crew members and officers for its mailing list. Organizational plans are under way, a newspaper is published quarterly, and a monster reunion is projected for the late summer or fall of 1949. If you are in touch with any shipmates who did not receive a recent copy of the Association *News*, you are requested to send up-to-date addresses to

The U.S.S. Hyman Association
Box 732
River Edge, New Jersey

LINK LINES

By The Editor

Expanding Our Horizons

AS we spoke with some young people in the province of Bavaria, Germany, several weeks ago, it was brought out that under the Nazi regime their views on the world had not been allowed to expand. For example, in their history courses they had learned the history of their own province together with a smattering of the histories of Germany, Switzerland and Austria. Of other great countries they had learned almost nil.

But let it be said that the Bavarians under the Nazi regime were not the only provincial people in the world. For example, not many years ago a woman drove from New York to Los Angeles. When her friends on the Pacific coast asked which road she had taken she replied that she had come by way of the Hoboken road!

In another instance a college professor in one of America's well-known schools was traveling in a southern state during his vacation. When a local citizen happened to mention "the war" the professor, not being quite certain which war the local citizen had in mind, queried, "Which war?" Whereupon came this reply: "The War between the States, of Course." (For our foreign readers may we say that this struggle occurred between 1861 and 1865 between two sections of states in the U.S.A.)

Throughout the entire world one can find instances of narrow provincialism and purely local viewpoints. This is a habit into which we all naturally fall.

Extensive use of the modern methods of communication such as the press, radio, and the cinema, meeting with citizens of other lands, and as far as possible, travel, will expand our views. The world would unquestionably be quite different if by the liberal exchange of ideas we could become better acquainted.

Perhaps this can be illustrated in the manufacture of automobiles. It is quite possible for the various countries of the world to manufacture their own makes of automobiles. In each instance the products may be highly acceptable but there is no question but that better automobiles could be made if the good features from those of each nation were incorporated into still better models. There might be times when it would be highly desirable also for the sake of expeditious travel to find that certain parts of various automobiles were interchangeable.

An Irish author once said that a country which does not have its own language actually ceases to be a country. But it would appear that this saying does not hold true since there are many nations who share kindred languages, as do, for example, the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, and the Slavs. Probably the interchange of the best in the cultures of each nation is the most desirable. There is no use being afraid or suspicious of our neighbors for usually when we get to know them we will find that they are much like us. True, they may have their unlovely points but we ourselves can hardly be said to be free of these, and usually if we evidence good will toward them they will respond in turn with additional good will.

Probably one of the most helpful factors toward the improvement of human relations throughout the world would be the increased interchange of

students among nations. In addition to this, the program outlined by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) points the way to expanding horizons.

UNESCO

Briefly, this program can be described as follows: UNESCO is an intergovernmental organization which is one of the eight special agencies recognized by the General Assembly of the United Nations. Its permanent headquarters are in Paris. It is a worldwide organization reflecting the common aims and views of many cultures and many peoples. It is an implement, according to its own constitution, designed ". . . to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law and for the human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed for the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion, by the Charter of the United Nations."

At least 31 nations are said to be official members of the organization, which means they have ratified the constitution and deposited certificates of membership. Thirteen additional nations have signed the constitution, but according to present reports have not yet deposited the required certificates of acceptance. Membership in the United Nations carries with it the right of a membership in UNESCO but countries not members of the United Nations may be admitted to UNESCO by two-thirds vote of the General Conference.

Only one of the great world powers has failed to enter UNESCO, namely the U.S.S.R. Her attitude has remained officially neutral, neither approving nor disapproving UNESCO, but the way

is still open for her to enter at any later period.

It is said that UNESCO is a grass roots organization because of its objectives and its special emphasis upon the individual contribution, but in operation it functions, in major part, as a stimulator of specific programs that will be carried out by private and official groups and as a clearing house and coordinating center for all information concerning its fields of interest. Among the specific projects for which operating funds have been designated are the following: natural sciences, reconstruction and rehabilitation, mass communication, libraries, international understanding, social sciences, arts and letters, education, philosophy and humanistic studies, and museums. With respect to the policy of our own Government it should be said that the United States Congress formally ratified membership in UNESCO in July, 1946. At that time the President said, "I attach the greatest importance to this agency. . . . The Government of the United States will work with and through UNESCO to the end that the minds of all people may be freed from ignorance, prejudice, suspicion and fear, and that men may be educated for justice, liberty and peace. If peace is to endure, education must establish the moral unity of mankind."

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The Armed Forces Education Program

By Samuel Engle Burr, Jr.

BY the late fall of 1943, our American task force had been occupying Ascension Island for 20 months. During the early part of that period the men composing that force had been kept very busy. Nature had made Ascension practically a desert island with no fresh water and very little vegetation. The Army had undertaken the sizeable task of making it into a habitable place for several thousand men. Our forces had built an airport by moving ton after ton of volcanic ash and rock. Several tent cities had been established, and five outdoor theatres had been fashioned from natural amphitheatres located on the hillsides. After these and other necessary projects were finished there was an opportunity to devote some time and attention to activities which had not been considered so essential in the beginning. One of these was the matter of helping the men to advance educationally through a profitable use of some of their off-duty time.

My mission with the forces on Ascension Island was to explain the opportunities which officers and men had for education while they still were on active duty and to assist commanders in getting the educational program into actual operation. The off-duty time educational opportunities then available for the men consisted of three specific types of procedures: (1) The U. S. Armed Forces Institute was ready to supply free textbooks in practically any field, provided a local study group could be organized

with an officer or an enlisted man serving as the teacher; (2) special texts of the "self-teaching" variety were made available to individuals where groups could not be formed or where a reasonably well-qualified teacher of a certain subject could not be found; and (3) the facilities of the USAFI had become available to all service personnel, through courses which could be carried on by correspondence. A factor of some importance at isolated installations like Ascension Island was the inevitable time lag involved in correspondence courses because answer sheets had to be mailed to Madison, Wisconsin, or some other distant center of USAFI, and then mailed back again after they had been read and corrected.

On Ascension Island local classes were organized in such subjects as elementary algebra, trigonometry, conversational Spanish, English grammar, American government, and painting in water colors and in oils. Individual self-study books were secured for those soldiers who had interests in other fields. Over 100 men arranged to take USAFI courses by correspondence during the month that I spent on the Island. Many others enrolled for USAFI courses in the following months.

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

From Ascension I returned to South America and visited most of our installations in Brazil and in the three

Guianas. In these places conditions were different. Whereas the men on Ascension were totally isolated, most of our United States troops on the mainland were stationed near cities which provided some recreation. Tours to points of scenic or historic interest were arranged and social contacts with local clubs and organizations were being developed wherever possible. Even so, there was a genuine demand for educational opportunities and the school needs of many men were supplied. Again local classes were formed, conversational Portuguese and aviation mathematics proving to be the most popular courses.

Occasionally some of our men ran into unexpected difficulties as a result of the educational work which they undertook. In Brazil I talked with a soldier who was dissatisfied with USAFI and was disparaging its program. It developed that he was interested in geology and had registered for a course in that field. The lessons suggested that samples of rocks should be identified, labeled, and sent to the instructor. So the soldier had collected several barracks bags full of stones and boulders. They were so heavy that the postage charges ran up to a considerable sum. Then the lessons asked for maps and sketches indicating the locations of rock formations. When the soldier tried to mail his maps he ran afoul of censorship regulations and was accused of endangering the security of his post. This man was persuaded to register for a course in a related field while he was serving overseas.

Some of the difficulties which the men experienced in their off-duty educational work were traceable to faulty guidance and counseling—or to no guidance and counseling at all. At one of our bases in the West Indies I found a man who was struggling with a course

in journalism. It developed that this man could barely read and write. He was transferred to a course in reading for adults and counseled to resume his work in journalism after he had made some progress in the basic subject fields. In a similar fashion some men who were floundering around in an attempt to do algebra were advised to transfer to arithmetic until a later date.

In many outfits throughout the South Atlantic and Antilles commands, the company grade officers who were in daily contact with their enlisted men were most helpful and cooperative in urging their men to take advantage of the Army's education program and in making arrangements for men to form classes, to receive self-teaching texts, and to register for USAFI courses. One day I was talking to a captain who had been outstanding in urging his men to profit by all of the educational advantages which the Army made available. I asked him why he had so much interest in the matter. He replied: "Because I never finished high school myself and I know what it means to lack a high school diploma." On that day we arranged for him to start on a series of tests and courses that in time secured such a diploma for him.

CHINA

There was ample reason for a somewhat different attitude toward the off-duty education program in China at that time. Perhaps the most novel advance was in January, 1945, when an approach to some of the faculty members of the Chinese colleges was made. These people had moved to Kunming when the Japs occupied Peiping, Nanking, Canton, and practically all of the Chinese coast line. At one time there were in Kunming about 50 Chinese scholars who had received Ph.D. degrees from various

American colleges and universities and had returned to their native land to teach. It was believed that these scholars, who knew both the Chinese and the English languages as well as their specialized fields of study, might serve as leaders for some of our Army classes or as persons who might correct and grade USAFI answer sheets, thus saving the time involved in sending them to Calcutta, India, or to Madison, Wisconsin. A few contacts of this sort did materialize at a later date and proved satisfactory.

PRESENT EDUCATIONAL OFFERINGS

The worth and value of the wartime educational offerings developed for the armed forces can be judged to some extent by the fact that most of them still are being used.

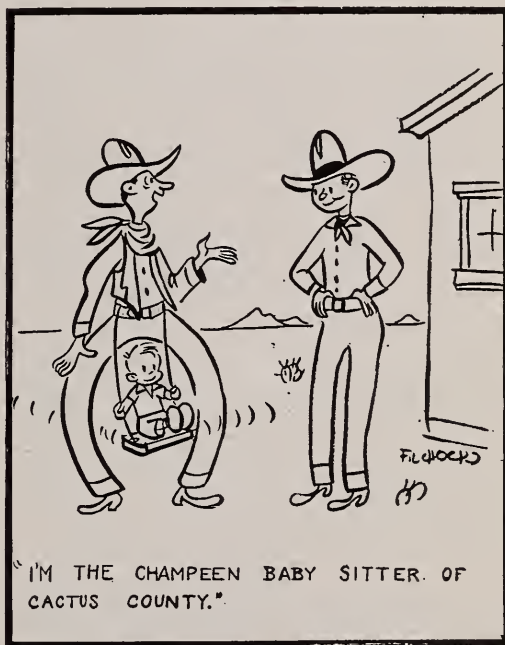
The wartime I and E officer has been renamed the "Troop I and E officer." He remains the key man for the education program in the local military unit.

The main headquarters of USAFI is still located in Madison, Wisconsin. Overseas branches are to be found in Alaska, Panama, the Antilles, the Central Pacific Area, the European Zone, and Tokyo, Japan. The Tokyo branch has two sub-branches. Upon the payment of a two-dollar registration fee, any member of the armed forces may enrol for courses which amount to

practically a full high school and college educational offering.

Free textbooks still can be supplied for use in local classes. If there is a group of 20 or more men interested in learning a foreign language, both phonograph records and handbooks can be secured for their use. Self-teaching textbooks also are in use, in certain subjects.

Added to these fine educational opportunities, the Army also has developed a career guidance program designed to aid every individual in the military establishment.



THE AMATEUR SERVICE SHOW *(Continued from page 12)*

the costumes either made, borrowed or rented. You will have appointed a business manager who takes care of programs, publicity and tickets and setting arrangements. In many cases the director will have to attend to many of these

chores if there is no one else to do so; at least I've found this to be only too true! It's hard work, you'll be going in circles part of the time, but if you like the work it is a lot of fun. Especially if you produce a hit show!

OFF THE RECORDS

By JOEY SASSO

TOP ALBUM FOR THE MONTH:

David Rose Serenades—David Rose, MGM. Once again Hollywood's talented young conductor, David Rose, puts his vibrant orchestra through a typical Rose "holiday" for music, this time introducing a group of America's favorite serenades done up in the brilliant Rose arrangements. The success of David Rose's first MGM record album, *Holiday For Strings*, has prompted Dave to record another group of his arrangements, again including his own compositions. The serenades chosen are the beautiful *Sunrise Serenade*, Dave's own lively *Puppet Serenade*, Sigmund Romberg's haunting *Serenade from The Student Prince*, the sweeping *Serenade in Blue*, *Penthouse Serenade*, the Latin rhythms of *The Gaucho Serenade*, *Penny Serenade*, and finally another Rose melody, *Serenade To A Lemonade*. David Rose fans, and they are legion, continue to request more Rose arrangements of the "pop" classics that have made Dave famous. *David Rose Serenades* is the answer to these many requests—a tuneful package of all-time hits, sparkling with melody, high lighting the string section, and tops in listening enjoyment.

TOP RECORD OF THE MONTH:

September In The Rain . . . Constellation—Sam Donahue and his orchestra, Capitol. The first is a hit tune from some years back, gets a medium-tempo'd revival here by Sam Donahue and his orchestra, another showcase for the Donahue instrumentalists. Here again the platter is high-lighted by some top

solo work with several trumpet passages rating high. The reverse is an up-tempo instrumental which offers a pleasing ear-full of the Sam Donahue orchestra at its musical best. Sam's boys maintain a stirring pace throughout, with lots of drive and a good beat and a number of notable solos to spice up the piece.

Baby, Won't You Please Come Home . . . Trouble In Mind—Jo Stafford, Capitol. This tune is of ancient, but enduring, vintage, presented here in nostalgic manner by the smooth pipings of Jo Stafford against a setting woven by the piano of Nat (King) Cole and orchestra led by Paul Weston. Ray Linn's trumpet and Herbie Haymer's tenor sax are also featured. The band gets a nice beat in the accompaniment, plays brilliantly in the bridge. The plattermate strays from the well-trod ballad path and serves as additional testimony to Jo Stafford's vocal versatility. Tune is a slow-tempo'd blues, with Jo singing the lyrics convincingly and with feeling while Paul Weston's orchestra sets the blues mood.

Rambling Rose . . . So Tired—Bob Eberly, Decca. The topside is Eberly in an unusual and infectious musical mood for Decca. This bright and bouncy interpretation by Bob is something that the fans have been clamoring for and there is spirited and lively accompaniment to this light-hearted serenade. The plattermate Bob sings in the straight-forward style which has proven his most

(Continued on page 47)

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

THERE'S ALWAYS A BEST!

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Should we always have a real interest in whatever is excellent?* (Philippians 1:10)
2. *Why is God always concerned with a righteous man's problems and decisions?* (Psalms 37:23)
3. *Why is it imperative that we seek the best in character and conduct?* (I Corinthians 12:31)
4. *With all of our efforts to be our best, should we recognize that God is the secret of our power?* (II Corinthians 4:7)
5. *Why is Christ our highest goal?* (Philippians 1:21)

-
- *Resource material:*

Last summer I saw a slogan that an oil company had placed in large letters on a signboard near the roadside in Ohio: "There's always a best!"

Of course! We have always known that, and many times you and I have striven to be our best and to do our best. And we have always found that it pays handsomely.

We should never forget that our Creator gave us talents and abilities that are priceless, and it is our duty to take these and make of them the very best that we can. Said Robert Browning: "My business is not to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made."

Mediocrity, therefore, is not merely a sign that we have been careless with

what God gave us to be and to do; mediocrity is a shameful proof that we have not worked hard to do our full share in helping God to shape our life at its best. We should remember what the roadside billboard proclaimed: "There's always a best!"

We should never forget that the best does not come to us all at once. We arrive at our best only if we keep being progressively a little better and then a little better, and we reach real excellence in our work only after we have kept trying, over and over, to do the very best work that we can do.

Our best may be remarkable, or it may not be. This will depend partly upon our abilities and partly upon our zeal and our toil. Henri-Frederic Amiel

said this: "To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent. To do what is impossible for talent is the mark of genius."

But we should not neglect the ordinary demands and the duties of every day. Henry Ward Beecher taught us a great truth when he said: "All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life."

If a man fails in the everyday tests that come to him, he is not likely to be strong enough for the extraordinary tasks that may confront him. One of the best ways to prepare for greatness is to do each task the best we can.

Perseverance, you see, is of almost inestimable value to us if we are to try to do our best. S. G. Goodrich said of perseverance: "Perseverance gives power to weakness, and opens to poverty the world's wealth. It spreads fertility over the barren landscape, and bids the choicest flowers and fruits spring up and flourish in the desert abode of thorns and briars."

There is no cheap, short way to perfection. It is said that someone once asked Giardini how long it would take to learn to play the violin, and the great virtuoso replied that it would take twelve hours each day for twenty years!

Habits can be a great hindrance to a good life, but we can also cultivate good habits and make them our useful servants. Amiel declared: "For the conduct of life, habits are more important than maxims, because a habit is a maxim verified. To make a new set of maxims for one's guide is no more than to change the title of a book; but to change one's habits is to change one's life. Life is only a tissue of habits."

There will be times when we must show fortitude if we would live at our best. Did you ever hear of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau? He died at Saranac Lake, New York, thirty-three years ago, after having fought a brave fight against tuberculosis for forty years. During that brave fight he built an institution that helped thousands in their fight against that disease; it was the first such institution, I understand, but hundreds of other men were inspired to build similar institutions. He found joy in helping others to win the fight that he was not able to win against that disease.

Optimism is a great aid to success. Someone once wrote that if it weren't for the optimist, the pessimist *would never know how happy he wasn't*.

Thomas Carlyle once gave us this wise challenge: "It is great—and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier, more blessed, less accursed."

Industry—hard work—is essential to the doing of our best. Not long ago Charles Evans Hughes, one of the great Americans of our time, passed away. He once said: "I believe in work, hard work and long hours of work. Men do not break down from overwork, but from worry and dissipation." And J. Macculloch gave us this to ponder: "It is to labor and to labor only, that man owes everything of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has arised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism."

It takes work to do our best and to *be* our best!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

SOME HELPS TO SUCCESS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How boundless are the possibilities of the man who has great faith?* (Matthew 9:29b)
2. *Does diligence make success likely?* (Proverbs 13:4; 14:23; 22:29)
3. *Should our zeal be linked with religion?* (Colossians 3:23)
4. *How are zeal and labor to be yoked together?* (Ecclesiastes 9:10)
5. *Does it dignify our work and increase our likelihood to succeed if we realize that we labor with God?* (I Corinthians 3:9)

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- *Resource material:*

Not long ago I heard Dr. Daniel A. Poling preach one night in his former pulpit in the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. He told with admiration of the way our great bombers and their crews had carried and unloaded food and coal and other supplies to the people in Berlin. While he watched as the great planes were landed and unloaded, he entered into conversation with a man at his side who was not an American. They talked of the far greater task that would be faced as winter came on and then the man at his side said, "I don't see how you'll do it—but you *will*." We hope he was right!

He was speaking, after all, of the way faith and courage and zeal and hard work make an unbeatable combination for success. The most hardheaded realist knows that he cannot see the dim future accurately, and he is unable to weigh and measure unknown quantities, but he takes off his hat to the man who

has faith and vision and courage and the capacity for hard work *and the zeal to work as if he does not dare to fail!*

Faith is a good starting place for any man who is anxious to succeed. Bruce Barton insists that the ablest men in all walks of life are men who have faith. And he adds that most men have more faith than they realize. Faith may be only a very tiny stream at the beginning, before it empties itself into the distant sea. Last summer I rode for a time along the course of a beautiful little river in Wisconsin. Believe it or not, it bore the same name as the mighty river that sweeps past Natchez and New Orleans to mingle its tremendous volume of water with the Gulf of Mexico. Even the Mississippi is small at its source and it grows gradually as other rivers grow.

Faith may not be powerful in its beginnings in a small boy's heart, but it can be genuine and it can *grow*. If it

continues to grow and if it is put to good use, there are no limits to the great and wonderful things that can be accomplished through it. Perhaps your own faith is comparatively small, but you can nurture it and make it grow by *using* it and by praying and studying your Bible.

But there were other things in addition to faith that kept those great bombers functioning in a steady stream. There was skill, for instance. Such skill requires time and effort and patience and determination to learn and to succeed. No man acquires skill in any line of work without infinite patience and persistence.

Success is usually made up of numerous ingredients, like a doctor's prescription. It may vary somewhat in different cases, but there are certain things that are almost invariably necessary if one is to make a real success of his life, whatever his field of endeavor may happen to be.

Edward Bok once spoke of success as the doing well of whatever work a person has to do, and whatever his position in life. He reminded us that the price of success is hard work, patience, and some sacrifices. His own life, you may recall, had qualified him to speak with authority about success. He came to this country and made his way against obstacles. He stressed the need for thoroughness in everything, whatever the size of the task or however small it might seem.

It is true that we are sometimes likely to think of success in material things alone, but we certainly should realize that success can be in quite intangible matters as well as in the more material ways in which it is so easy to gauge one's success.

Mrs. A. J. Stanley reminds us of the more spiritual values in success in these

words: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction."

There's a lot packed into those words! Perhaps it would pay us to read them over again very carefully and then ask ourselves, step by step, if we possess the different qualities of character that shine from those words that she wrote. For nothing else matters so much as a sterling character if we are really bent on making the utmost success of the life God has given to each of us.

We may feel that we are poor in worldly goods, or we may feel that the future holds no bright stars for us to steer by, but each of us has qualities of character that are priceless, and each of us has latent abilities that we can develop by hard work and then use to tremendous advantage, both to ourselves and to everyone else whose life we may touch.

Do you face some great task that seems almost impossible? Remember that Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Claim His help for yourself. And build up your resources of Christian character and tackle your job with zeal and lots of hard work.

Perhaps someone who watches you will not hesitate to say, "I don't see how you'll do it—but *you will.*"

- *Subject for group discussion:*

HOW DO YOU MAKE DECISIONS?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What is your most important decision in life?* (Joshua 24:15)
2. *Should a thoughtful consideration of our ways help us to turn to God?* (Psalms 119:59)
3. *How much does God direct us in our decisions?* (Proverbs 16:9)
4. *Should we always seek after the wisdom that helps us to weigh future consequences against the values and the rewards of the present time?* (Deuteronomy 32:29)
5. *Can we count on God to help us in our decisions by His guidance?* (Psalms 48:14)

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- *Resource material:*

How do you make your decisions? Are you usually right in them? Or do you make more mistakes in your decisions than you like to admit?

Would you like to raise your score? Wouldn't it be worth while to consider ways in which to decide life's problems and make your choices more successfully?

How should we make our decisions?

Perhaps the first thing to consider is that we, who are so limited in knowledge and true wisdom and prudence and far-sightedness, should learn at the outset to rely as often as possible on God, and as fully as possible.

We need, you see, an *attitude* that was phrased admirably by Thomas á Kempis when he wrote these words:

"O Lord, Thou knowest what is best for us; let this or that be done, as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt, and

how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Deal with me as Thou thinkest good. Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me in all things just as Thou wilt. Behold, I am Thy servant, prepared for all things: for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto Thee! and oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly!"

A man who faces his decisions in so wise and so humble an attitude as *that* is bound to increase his chances of success far more than we can imagine. And such a man, even when he fails, will have the assurance that he has vast riches of inner peace and contentment, such as come only when one has an abiding sense of belonging to God.

If we have such an inner attitude toward God as a background for our every choice or decision, I suggest that we try next to cultivate a habit of

trying to see and evaluate all the facts and all the factors that bear upon our decision. It may involve time and mental effort but it will pay tremendous dividends. And those dividends may continue to roll in as long as you live. If you spend a few hours trying to think of all the facts and figures and factors that bear upon your problem, you may be repaid, in actual dollars and cents, at an astonishing rate per hour! And you may enjoy satisfactions and blessings later that are richly worth while, in addition to the money that may be involved.

Only a fool would think of making a quick snap judgment, in the face of all this, and run the risk of short-changing himself more than he could ever know!

In the light of all this, never decide anything by flipping a coin! Anything that is worth deciding is worth deciding right!

Another thing: make your decision only *after taking the long look at your facts*. Try to project yourself into the future and imagine what future conditions will do to your facts. Try to have *perspective* in making your choices.

Let's imagine a situation to show what I mean: let's say that a man is on the last day of a short fishing trip and he is ready to prepare his last meal. He has some canned food left, almost enough to satisfy him, and he has also a pint of dry beans. He will be home tomorrow and he has no need to take left-over food back there as he goes. Shall he plant the dry beans in the rich soil beside his cabin and hope to find a crop of beans when he returns a few months later with his family or shall he cook part or all of them for his supper and throw out some of the canned goods that he is not able to consume with the beans?

Well, he takes the long look, plants

the dry beans and has a meal from the canned goods, and he and his family return later in the summer and find beans galore for their meals and for canning for winter!

If that's too fantastic, take this one: a veteran admires an automobile but hungers and thirsts for a college education and a medical degree. Knowing that his G.I. benefits will not cover all of his medical course, he banishes the temptation to buy a car and emerges a few years later as a full-fledged physician, able to buy a better car and many other things besides.

Don't neglect to *pray about your decisions*. God is ready to guide us in every moment and in every need if we try to seek His guidance.

If you find yourself doubting if you really know what God would have you do, try asking yourself the question that is the core of Charles M. Sheldon's book, *In His Steps*, which is probably the best-seller among all English novels. That question is "What Would Jesus Do?" And it's a wonderfully good question for us to ponder long and hard when we are in doubt as to our decision on any question.

And don't forget *one* thing that Jesus would do. He would *pray*. And you can be sure that He would pray the great prayer that He prayed when everything was so black in the Garden of Gethsemane: "Not as *I* will, but as *Thou* wilt."

If we sincerely try to follow the will of God, after praying to know His will and after trying to decide in the light of all the probable facts, and with thought for what will be best in the future, we should be able to decide wisely and well.

Let's try it."

- *Subject for group discussion:*

SOME GLARING INCONSISTENCIES

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why is it so easy to judge others while ignoring our own faults and shortcomings?* (Matthew 7:1-5)
2. *What is the boomerang in our inconsistent judging of others?* (Romans 2:1)
3. *Can we ever justify our failure to square our conduct with our pretensions?* (Romans 2:21-23)
4. *How can foulness and prayer come from the same lips?* (James 3:8-12)
5. *How can we fail to support our religious faith with the righteous deeds that should show that we believe in Christ?* (Luke 6:46)

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- *Resource material:*

Jesus did not shrink from pointing out inconsistencies in those who profess to follow Him but fail to live up to their pretensions. He did not find it easy to tolerate a man who could glibly profess to be His follower but could nevertheless fail miserably in living as a disciple should live. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and *do* not the things that I say?" (Luke 6:46) *Why*, indeed?

Jesus saw how damaging such inconsistencies were. They damaged His growing group of followers. They do damage today also to the character of the man who harbors the inconsistencies in his life, vacillating between professed loyalties and ignominious failures in his own daily living. Loyalty can nurture a growing spiritual life; inconsistencies and hypocrisies can blight the growing flower of faith. Jesus wanted His followers to be loyal, then and *today*.

You probably remember Robert Louis Stevenson's character who was both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He has many second cousins today, of both sexes, and they do the Christian Church a great amount of real harm. Every hypocrite is a blot upon the life of the Church, and the blot is largely *inexcusable*. We can be *true* Christians if we wish to be such and if we try hard enough to be sincere and earnest.

How easy it is to see the inconsistencies in others about us! Said Dryden, "Everyone is eagle-eyed to see another's faults and deformity."

But Addison tried to show us that we should be in better business than finding fault with others and cataloguing their weaknesses. Said he, "What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities."

You remember how graphically Jesus

scored our tendency to find faults in others. Said He: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." (Luke 6:41, 42)

There was a kind of ironic taunt in those words that we miss unless we understand the meaning of the Greek words that have been translated as "mote" and "beam." The mote was only a tiny particle, but the beam was many times larger. It would be much the same as if He were to have said that we criticize someone for having a twig or a bit of sawdust in his eye while we have a heavy railroad tie or a log in our own eye—so big that we can hardly see around it!

But of course the inconsistent man is not long on accurate comparisons!

This matter of inconsistency was one of the black marks against the scribes and the Pharisees. Jesus said on another occasion: "All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; *but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.* For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves *will not move them with one of their fingers.*" (Matthew 23:3, 4)

We who are Christians should be very careful to have our conduct conform to our religious faith. If we attend a religious service and say by

that act that we believe in Christ and His teachings, we should act all week long so that nobody can possibly say, "Oh, yes, he says he is a Christian, but just *look* at what he does. He's no different from the fellow who doesn't pretend to be a Christian."

If that can be said of you, it's a black mark for you and for the cause of Christ.

What is the remedy? Try to be *consistent*. Realize, first of all, that the Christian faith demands right conduct as well as proper beliefs. If you saw a man come from a service of worship and go straight to a place that you feel is utterly contrary to everything the Church stands for, what would you think about it?

Suppose you sit beside a man in a service while your chaplain leads you in prayer and praise and points your thought Godward. Then, when you and your companion leave the service together, you hear him profane the name of God with the same lips that you just heard pray. Would you think that man was a good Christian?

James had a few words about that while the Christian faith was still in its beginnings. Wrote he: "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, *these things ought not so to be.* Doth a fountain send forth at the same place *sweet* water and *bitter*? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield *salt* water and *fresh*." (James 3:10-12)

Let's watch for inconsistencies in *our* lives rather than in the conduct of others. Our inconsistencies are bad for us and for Christ!



- *Subject for group discussion:*

WHEN IDEAS AND IDEALS MEET

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Can we ever afford to ignore the ideal of honesty?* (Deuteronomy 25:13-16)
2. *Why should we hold always to the ideal of truthfulness?* (Psalms 101:7)
3. *Does the ideal of service pay in business?* (Galatians 5:13-15)
4. *Is generosity more profitable than miserliness?* (Ruth 2:15, 16; Proverbs 19:17)
5. *Can any man afford to ignore God?* (Joshua 24:14a; Psalms 145:18-20)

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- *Resource material:*

In northern New Jersey there is a huge billboard that advertises a certain real estate agency. Says the sign, in letters large enough for passing motorists to read: "Where Ideas and Ideals Meet." In other words, that industrious purveyor of real estate is trying to induce people to become his clients because his ideas and his ideals should make it worth their while to secure his services.

But his advertisement is also a reminder to us that ideas and ideals *should* meet, to the mutual profit of any businessman and his clients or customers. An enterprising man, whatever his line of work, should have ideals that are high enough and demanding enough to warrant the business that he seeks. And he certainly should have ideas, for these are evidences of originality and ambition and inventiveness. They should help him to forge ahead in his work.

Over a period of years I have repeatedly bought a certain brand of shoes, not because they are the cheapest but

because they have proved to be unusually comfortable and long-wearing. When I bought the latest pair I spied a little booklet on the counter and asked for a copy. It told the story of the way a certain young shoe man had got certain ideas about shoes and foot comfort, and how he has been able to build those ideas into a business which has branches in many places.

But one who reads that story of his business success soon discovers that the founder had ideals also, and they were as bright as his ideas and as worthy. And he has built his business about his ideas *plus* his ideals. He has succeeded because he *deserved* to succeed.

I am confident that the real estate dealer has achieved the same sort of success, though on a smaller scale, if his advertisement was not merely an idle boast. Show me a man who really has ideas and harnesses them to ideals and then works *both* the ideas and the ideals, and I can show you someone who

is almost certain to succeed. He deserves nothing less than real and continuing success.

Every great invention is a monument to a dreamer who had ideas. And every really thriving business is partly the result of ideas. But ideas should be linked with *ideals*, and when they are you may expect to find a highly successful man or business.

Someone has said that Chinese men wear five buttons on their coats in order to remind themselves of the five principal moral virtues that Confucius recommended. These virtues are humility, justice, order, prudence and rectitude. Come to think of it, wouldn't these be five good ideals for the real estate man or the dentist or the multi-millionaire industrialist to keep in mind and follow?

At first thought, we might think that humility would not be a profitable ideal, but Jesus taught us otherwise. In one of His strangest teachings, He taught us that the man who would willingly lose his life shall *find* it.

One of the earliest commandments in the Old Testament is this: "That which is altogether *just* shalt thou follow, that thou mayest live, and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Deuteronomy 16:20) And another wise utterance was this: "He that ruleth over men *must* be just, ruling in the fear of God." (II Samuel 23:3b) And we who hope to achieve goodness and success may well study and heed

these words: "But the path of the *just* is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Proverbs 4:18)

Order is a good ideal. The great apostle Paul knew the value of it and commended it to others: "Let all things be done decently and in order." (I Corinthians 14:40)

Prudence is an ideal more difficult to reach. A. Bronson Alcott once declared: "Prudence is the footprint of wisdom." We need not be surprised therefore, if we need to search at length in order to find it!

Said a wise man of long ago: "The simple inherit folly: but the prudent are crowned with knowledge." (Proverbs 14:18) And there was a further word that is good for us to heed: "A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but *he that regardeth reproof is prudent.*" (Proverbs 15:5)

Rectitude is a wonderful ideal for all of us. There is something four-square and forthright about it. Paul, writing to early Christians, could say: "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." (Romans 12:9b) Said a devout soul in a far-off day: "Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of *uprightness.*" (Psalms 143:10)

Cultivate constructive and far-reaching ideas! And yoke them with the highest of ideals!

Notes to Service Men and Women (from inside front cover)

You'll be that much ahead of the parade, fellow, and the days and weeks will slide away; you'll see!

Good luck to you, then, and God

bless you! Remember, you are in no sense "serving for reward"; but confidentially, the reward will definitely be there.

OFF THE RECORDS

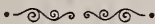
(Continued from page 36)

popular medium of expression. Sincerity, depth of feeling and superb delivery of this haunting melody make for an outstanding waxing.

TOP CLASSICAL ALBUM FOR THE MONTH:

Franz Liszt, *Hungarian Rhapsodies* Nos. 5, 6, 11 and 15—Shura Cherkassky, pianist, VOX. The brilliant Russian pianist, Shura Cherkassky, is not a new name to the music lover, and we welcome his repeat performance on VOX records. If you are interested in music for the piano, and specifically the piano music of Franz Liszt, this album of the 5th, 6th, 11th and 15th *Hungarian Rhapsodies* will be a valuable addition to your library. Mr. Cherkassky is a capable pianist and plays these works with remarkable clarity.

This is especially true of the 15th *Hungarian Rhapsody* which we hear re-echoed in the *Damnation of Faust* by Hector Berlioz, and the more popular 6th *Rhapsody*. Technically, Shura Cherkassky is in command of the keyboard, although certain passages leave more to be desired. I am certain that the composer intended these rhapsodies to show off the pianistic techniques of the artist with the usual flourishes, and it is obvious that our recording artist devoted his talents to achieving this end.



To do things because we love them, to love things because we do them; meanwhile to keep the eyes open, the heart warm, the pulse swift as we move across the stage of life, to take the old world by the hand and frolic with it, will make life always new to us.

—David Starr Jordan



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society.)

THEME: "Begin With The Greatest"

1. Psalms 19 **A Young Man's God**
2. Matthew 7 **Growing the Best Way**
3. John 15:1-17 **Team Play**
4. I John 3:1-10 **All God's Children**
5. Psalms 34 **Well-placed Trust**
6. Matthew 2:1-12... **The Wise Men's Day**
7. Matthew 5:13-26 **Hilltop Travel**
8. II Timothy 4:1-8. **Advice to a Young Man**
9. John 17 **A Big Prayer**
10. Psalms 67 **Nations Need God**
11. Philippians 4:4-9 **A Happy Religion**
12. Luke 14:7-11 **Head of the Line**
13. Galatians 6:1-10 **A Helping Hand**
14. I John 4:7-11... **The Motive for Goodwill**
15. Philippians 4:11-23... **A Contented Life**
16. Luke 15:11-23 **Two Brothers**
17. I Thessalonians 4:7-18 **Cleaned Up**
18. Galatians 5:13-26 **What Freedom?**
19. Luke 6:39-49 **Personal Development**
20. Hebrews 13 **Social Obligations**
21. Luke 6:20-38 **The Golden Rule**
22. Psalms 42 **Thirsty for God**
23. Luke 16:1-18 **Clever Bargaining**
24. I Corinthians 3 ... **Building Construction**
25. Acts 26 **Paul's Story**
26. I John 3:11-24 ... **In Thought and Deed**
27. Ephesians 5 **Profitable Use of Time**
28. Psalms 15 **The Best Citizens**
29. Proverbs 2:1-9 **Hear This, Son**
30. Genesis 1 **The Creation Story**
31. Genesis 2 **Adam and Eve**



Joe: What's the hardest thing about learning to skate?

Harry: The ice, when you come right down to it.

—Allied Youth

★

"What do you want with a new hat?"

"Oh, a new frock, some stockings, and a new pair of shoes. Thank you, dear!"

—Watchman-Examiner

★

"What are you waiting for?" whispered the wedding guest.

"Bride's father is a plumber," replied the verger. "He forgot to bring her."

—Exchange

★

Zeke was dead. A wonderful funeral was in progress. The preacher talked at length of the good traits of the deceased brother, what an honest man he was, what a good provider he was, what a loving husband and a kind father.

At length the widow whispered to one of her offspring: "Go up thar and take a look in that coffin and see if that's your pa."

—Belvoir Castle

★

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea,
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way

And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

—Camp Lee Traveller

Doc: About that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about in that.

GI: I know, but I'm such a bore."

—Rev-Meter

★

A rural poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart entitled, "I kissed her *sub rosa*." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kissed her snub nosa."

—Exchange

★

A Dublin matron took her young Albert to enroll in a new school.

"Now, I want Albert to have a thoroughly modern and up-to-date education," his mother said to the headmaster, "including Latin."

"Yes, of course," said the headmaster, "though Latin is, as you know, a dead language."

"All the better. Albert is going to be an undertaker."

—Christian Union Herald

★

Bulldozer—a first sergeant's chin with a motor in it.

—Rev-Meter



Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

ORGANIZATIONS:

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

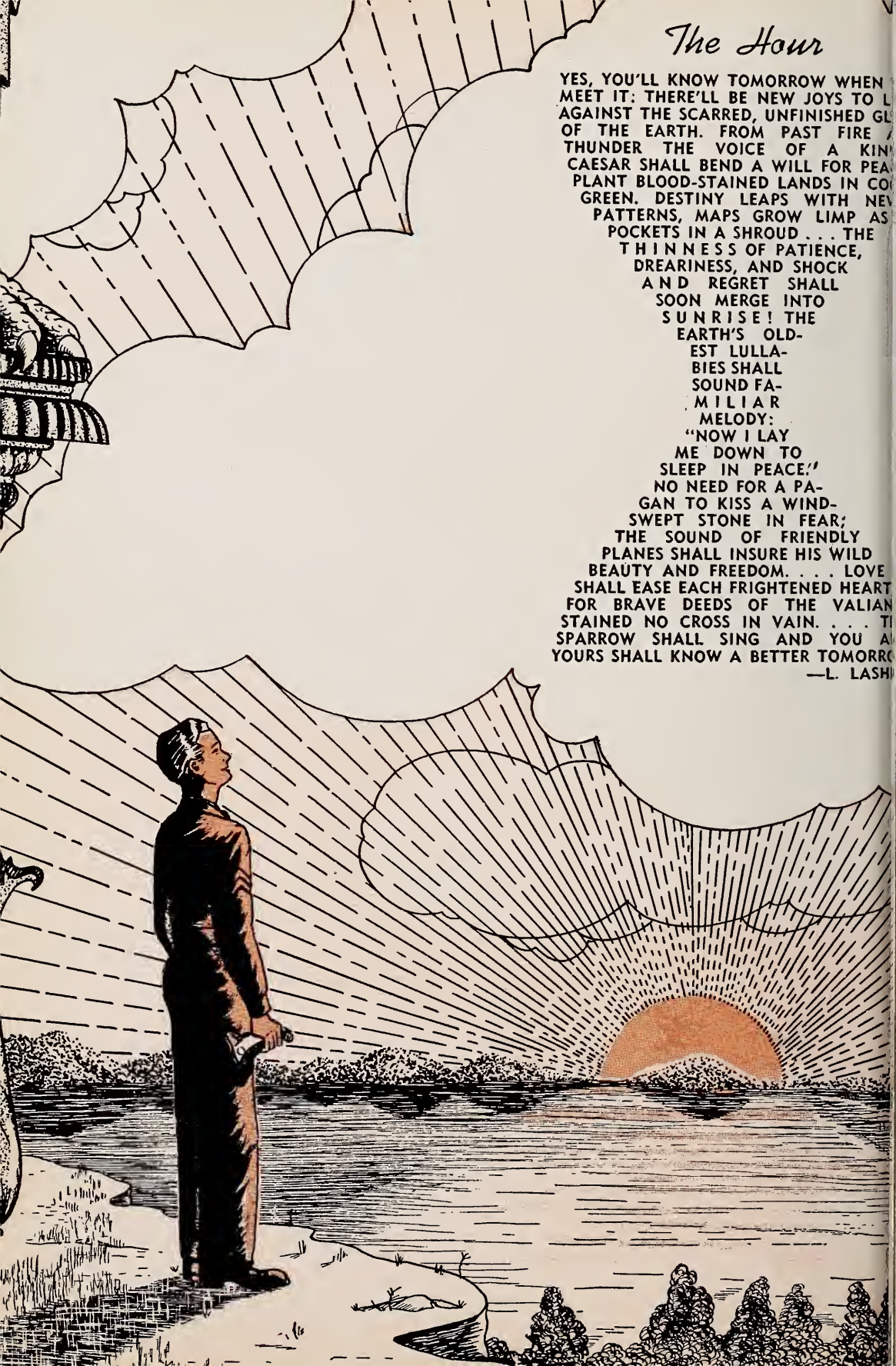
CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ

The Hour

YES, YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW WHEN
MEET IT: THERE'LL BE NEW JOYS TO LIVE
AGAINST THE SCARRED, UNFINISHED GLASS
OF THE EARTH. FROM PAST FIRE /
THUNDER THE VOICE OF A KING
CAESAR SHALL BEND A WILL FOR PEACE
PLANT BLOOD-STAINED LANDS IN GREEN.
DESTINY LEAPS WITH NEW
PATTERNS, MAPS GROW LIMP AS
POCKETS IN A SHROUD... THE
THINNESS OF PATIENCE,
DREARINESS, AND SHOCK
AND REGRET SHALL
SOON MERGE INTO
SUNRISE! THE
EARTH'S OLD-
EST LULLA-
BIES SHALL
SOUND FA-
MILIAR
MELODY:
"NOW I LAY
ME DOWN TO
SLEEP IN PEACE!"
NO NEED FOR A PA-
GAN TO KISS A WIND-
SWEEPED STONE IN FEAR;
THE SOUND OF FRIENDLY
PLANES SHALL INSURE HIS WILD
BEAUTY AND FREEDOM. . . . LOVE
SHALL EASE EACH FRIGHTENED HEART
FOR BRAVE DEEDS OF THE VALIANT
STAINED NO CROSS IN VAIN. . . . THE
SPARROW SHALL SING AND YOU AND
YOURS SHALL KNOW A BETTER TOMORROW

—L. LASH



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